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Prize-Winning Essay in "Thirty or Under" Contest, on page 654

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1930 — NUMBER 26

The Search for Standards

OF the hundred or so essays in criticism by writers of thirty or under written in response to a request by the editors of *The Saturday Review*, at least two-thirds explicitly or implicitly agree upon one demand as of the highest importance for youth. The cult of incoherence, they say, with every emphasis from shrill to dogged, is not their cult. If the world is meaningless to others, it is not meaninglessness they seek in it. The aftermath of war was not their aftermath, nor was it their blank disillusionment which followed a conflict that they did not make. They did not pay the piper, and they will not dance his dance. Those flaunting banners we have been watching: "Down With Order," "Up With Instinct," "Away With Moral Codes," and that language of revolt which sounded so portentous because it was so difficult to understand, (e. g., "To the word, a meaning hardly distinguishable from that of place, in whose great, virtuous, and at present little realized potency we hereby manifest our belief")—the youngest generation will have none of all this, resents it all as special pleading, and personal complaint; refuses, in short, to have a philosophy foisted upon it out of someone's else's experience. Suppose the war did "do in" a generation, these younger ones say, does that prove that the moon is made of green cheese!

Less certainly do these hundred odd agree upon another point. They are sick of disorder, and depressed by the absence of standards; they are offended by easy-going estimates of literary work, which praise the second-rate, and equally by clique puffing of eccentric masterpieces. They want principles, standards, rules—*but not at too great a price.*

For literary standards, they feel, are no more and no less heritable than character and disposition. A hand-me-down morality, a hand-me-down dogmatism, they do not want. The order, the principle they seek must be found in, and under, the conditions of the times in which they live. It must be relative as well as absolute.

* * *

The iconoclasm of Mr. Mencken is clearly *vieux jeu* for these writers in their twenties; perhaps his innate conservatism, so often overlooked, may have more appeal than his violence. The new "humanism" does not seem likely to fare much better, at least among creative spirits. Its dualism, where man's story is of one who loved the highest when he saw it, and trod down the beast in man, will seem a little jejune to readers who, like most of these younger writers, have been brought up in the new philosophy of science. For they must see (and indeed these essays make it plain that they do see) that our beginning of escape from the materialism which so nearly overwhelmed all creeds—including Mr. Babbitt's humanism, and Mr. More's Greek returns, and Mr. Eliot's recurrent Catholicism—is due not to the critics or the philosophers, but to science itself, which by establishing its own boundaries let the speculative soul go free. We of the older generation, whatever we believed in the abstract, have lived as if the world were mechanism. There was in our philosophic and religious dogmas only the force of a good idea. No religion, no passion of creativeness, no imaginative thinking can arise from formulas which merely repeat the platitudes of a tamed and arid generation of philosophers.

And yet this sudden and rather amusing outcry for order among the young (as if no one alive remembered heaven's first law in operation!), and the formal spreading of a sample table set with the classics by the "humanists" (who wish thereby to illustrate the dualism of the universe, and must be understood to mean by the term an opposition between the inhumanism of the beast and the humanism of man's reason), may be just what is needed to set under way a new and creative search for standards.

We doubt, however, whether dualism and its reign of reason has been or ever can be established except as one of those working hypotheses which scientists use, and relinquish so easily when they prove inadequate, but which philosophers tend to grip upon and hold till death. The one new demonstration in the world is that reality is not a by-product of chemistry and physics. For the moment it

(*Continued on page* 650)

The Cross

By ALLEN TATE

THERE is a place that some men know,
I cannot see the whole of it,
Nor how men come there. Long ago
Flame burst out of a secret pit
Crushing the world with such a light
The day sky fell to moonless black,
The kingly sun to hateful night
For those, once seeing, turning back:
For love so hates mortality,
Which is the providence of life,
She will not let it blesséd be
But curses it with mortal strife,
Until beside the blinding rood
Within that world-destroying pit
—Like young wolves that have tasted blood,
Of death, men taste no more of it:
So blind in so severe a place
(All life before in the black grave)
The last alternatives they face
Of life, without life to save,
Being from all salvation weaned—
A stag charged both at heel and head:
Who would come back is turned a fiend
Instructed by the fiery dead.

This Week

"Aspects of Biography."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.
"An Hour with American Music."
Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE.
"Poems of Freneau."
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"The Bhagavad Gita."
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"Dido: Queen of Hearts."
Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.
"Kaleidoscope."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.
"Young Man of Manhattan."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
Apologia pro Sua Preoccupatione.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Rabelais.
By JOHN M. BERDAN.

Modern Biography

By ARTHUR COLTON

"A BAD Victorian biography," says M. Maurois, "is a formless mass of ill-digested matter; a bad modern biography is a book of spurious fame, animated by a would-be ironic spirit which is merely cruel and shallow." The Victorian biography was a frock-coated affair, usually fostered by the family of the deceased and distinguished. The modern biographer, endeavoring to discard all preconceived ideas and rebuild from the ground up, rather tends to select subjects whom he does not particularly admire.

Another characteristic of modern biography is the greater sense of the complexity and mobility of human beings and a lesser emphasis on their unity. Montaigne and Shakespeare felt this mobility and complexity, but between them and us came the influences of the Reformation with its doctrine of predestination and the French classicists with their creations in abstract character; and this conception of a man as an unchanging unit continued even through the greater part of the nineteenth century. Compare the simplicity of Byron with the multiplicity of Dostoievsky. The analysis of Pro reduces the whole idea of personality to dust. T name, body, clothes, and a few external manneris are recognizable and below these only a successi of states and feelings, grouped, but not united. The man is a sort of colony of feelings. No picture of humanity is fair, but at this particular time the feeling of complexity is dominant.

The third peculiarity of modern biography Mr. Harold Nicholson states as follows in his "Development of English Biography." "Biography is the preoccupation and solace, not of an age of certainty, but of doubt." We live in an age of doubt; we are restless and troubled; we want biography to show us not dignified statuary, but men who like ourselves had their struggles and stumbles, their hesitations and regrets, and yet somehow achieved something. There is more solace for us in such lives than inspiration in the tales of noble minded virtue and victory. "You and I are old strugglers," said the old woman to Dr. Johnson, and the saying brought tears to the eyes of Ursa Major.

But these three characteristics are hardly those which M. Maurois's own practice has peculiarly suggested. The current revolt has been not only against old reticences, but in favor of more shapely narrative. Modern biography aims to be truthful and vivid, but especially vivid; truth is something solid, and personality something flickering and intangible; and to this flickering personality, it would mainly devote its artistic endeavors. M. Maurois's warmest interest is in shapely narrative.

"Modern" is an unsatisfactory term. What M. Maurois calls "Victorian Biography" is perhaps as prevalent now as it was fifty years ago. I doubt if Strachey's "Victoria" is any more "truthful" than Trevelyan's "Macaulay," or that a reticence is more misleading than a slant. A touch of dislike is something of a stimulant to effective character drawing, but it leads one aside as much as a touch of adoration. Mr. Strachey's Dr. Arnold, like Mr. Paxton Hibben's Beecher, seemed to me untruthful, because the something dynamic, that made the man memorable and worth writing about, was not there. Debunkers of good intentions sometimes empty out

* ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by SIDNEY CASTLE ROBERTS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929.

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the baby with the bath, and disillusionment has its own illusions.

But M. Maurois's Shelley is still a different matter. His Shelley is so unlike my Shelley that it does not seem the same person at all. My Shelley is an outline born of various biographies, more or less colorless, filled in by his poetry, essays, letters, odds and ends of anecdote and reminiscences, retouched and probably distorted by my own inferences and fancies. M. Maurois's, with a vastly greater wealth of knowledge, is similarly compounded; and his imagination has created a portrait which I can hardly recognize, though I can recognize the materials behind it. This brings us to M. Maurois's special theory of biography, from which many of us are compelled in some respects to differ. It could be inferred from his practice; it is present throughout the volume in hand; and is explicitly stated in the chapters on biography "As an Art," "As a Science," and "As a Means of Expression." It is, so to speak, a theory of novelistic or creative biography.

I have always thought of biography as naturally falling into two classes, the documentary and the monographic, in the sense at least that there are two sources of value, the subject and the writer, the biographee and the biographer. In most good monographs both values are there, but in Johnson's "Savage" and Carlyle's "Sterling" it is clear that the values come mainly from Johnson and Carlyle. In Boswell's "Johnson" more value comes from Boswell than has sometimes been thought, and his most valuable document was his note book of conversations. On the other hand many a fascinating "Life and Letters" owes nothing to the biographer except a frame work of unobtrusive narrative and reasonably good editing. Almost any collection of letters would be bettered by an informational narrative. An autobiography is a document and a monograph in one. The documentary biography is relatively "modern." Mr. Nicolson remarks that, though letters had sometimes before been introduced, Mason's "Gray" was the first deliberately written on the "life and letters" method.

M. Maurois's leaning is to the monographic values, and his peculiarity is that he leans very far and on principle. His discussion of "Biography as a Science" is somewhat perfunctory, like a recognition of proprieties where the heart is not; and one's chief comment on it is a doubt whether the word "science" is a word to be used at all in connection with biography or history, whether it is not better kept for more precise connotations. It is "Biography as Art," and as "Self Expression" for the biographer, that chiefly interests him. The life of Shelley attracted him because it composed well. There are the two women, corresponding to two stages of development. There is the water *motif* that follows through like a haunting destiny. He gives as an illustration an anecdote of a young French writer, who was asked to prepare a Life for a series of biographies and replied: "Certainly, but I know nothing of history. You choose a character. All I demand is that it shall be a man or a woman who had a consistent desire to give a certain direction to his or her life and was always brought up against a closed door."

Now, I do not care for a biography approached in that way. I do not care for M. Maurois's "Ariel," though he does it very cleverly. It seems to me that the imaginative beliefs which we proffer to the life of a real man and to a character in fiction are two very different beliefs. Imaginary speeches put into the mouths of statesmen and generals were a convention no doubt acceptable to the Greeks. But the practice has on me the effect of a breach of confidence. Whether something of the kind was said, or whether it is the historian's way of putting the situation dramatically, I never can get to like it. The imaginative belief which I have been giving to the narrative is interrupted by a disbelief. We know very well that absolute truth is unattainable, that every biographer or historian has some bias. We appreciate his artistic triumphs. But we are, many of us, unreconciled aliens to a biographer whose chief interest in a life is its possibilities for design. The Shelley "water *motif*" matters so little to us that it would matter not at all if Harriet had perished by poison instead of drowning.

M. Maurois admits that the method is dangerous as well as difficult. "It demands infinite care and absolute honesty with a fixed desire never to alter a single fact—There is only one in its favor, but that is all powerful: *There is no other method.*" For no combination of details portrays a man. You must identify yourself with him.

There are several arguments against it, and one of them is all powerful: You never do identify. The concentrated effort to do so produces not identification but hypnosis. You resolve not to alter a single fact, and you alter the whole inclusive fact. The subjective portrait you produce is of yourself, or at best a composite. There are other methods, and the method which assumes that the voice of M. Maurois is the voice of Shelley does not seem to me a good one. It deceives the author more completely than the reader. Jacob's voice and Esau's hands may deceive a blind Isaac, but even blind Isaac was uneasy. M. Maurois's biographer says to himself: "Here are the materials. How can I make an artistic portrait?" My idea of a good monographic biographer is rather one who says to himself: "Here are the materials. What portrait do they make?" The portrait will be charged with the personality of the biographer no doubt, but at least he will have no self-conscious doctrine that it ought to be, and the more the better since biography is an art and art is self-expression. Biography is an art of course. Boswell is a better artist than Hawkins, Mr. Strachey and M. Maurois than their imitators.

With much that M. Maurois says of the characteristics of certain types of recent biography, and says so lucidly and pleasantly, one can cordially agree. He does not mention the commercial motive; but biographies are now competing successfully in the market with fiction; and a peppery flavor, or a novelistic tone, have commercial as well as artistic aspects. Monographic biography has many advantages. Dull compilations are really dull. But documentary biography has this advantage, that it lets the reader make the portrait for himself. A more or less dull potato is made more palatable by the ministrations of the cook; but if he artistically converts it into a crisp and salty Saratoga chip, instead of prosaically boiling it, or reticently baking it with its integuments cracked and unremoved, he does not as a rule claim that he has better revealed or represented the real potato, its inwardness and flickering personality. He only claims that he has made it more palatable, that the people who want *hors d'œuvres* do not care what the potato *per se* tastes like. They are after palatal excitement. His motives are simple and avowed: to please his public and do the kind of cooking that interests him. But if the point of verisimilitude is raised, it seems to me that the baked potato though admittedly mealy, or the boiled though sometimes soggy, is probably less remote from the personality which it once possessed as a sojourner in this vale of tears; that the unattainable truth of it is not represented by a Saratoga chip; and that I rather like to do my own salting.

The Search for Standards

(*Continued from preceding page*)

seems more important that consciousness can argue in terms of intuition than that higher nature should be distinguished from lower nature by a priori methods. Do we know with such dogmatic certainty what is our higher nature? Can we afford to stop with Augustine and show science the door? More triumphs have been won for wisdom by the rediscovery of instinct, and its measuring by science, than by the mere retaining of the old moral categories.

All of which means simply that if the youngest generation is to find order, they must create it, neglecting neither science nor philosophy, the present or the past. And it is to science as science is now being conducted that we would first commend them. There the blood has been reddest for the last fifty years, there alone has there been, in the best, little materialism, little dogmatism, great and immediate, if by no means always fortunate results. No one but a fool ever supposed that glands *made* morality, but it is well to know their functions before generalizing too far.

The field is still open, gentlemen of the twenties. Do not bind yourself with principles too quickly. The principles, the standards you seek, some of us have always sought, but we have believed, and still believe, that they (like the discoveries of science) are not satisfactions, when found, for the intellect, but steps by which the creative imagination attains its end. Literature is neither philosophy nor morality, though it may include, and must have just relations to, both. It is always an experiment, governed by right thinking, making right thinking.

American Music

AN HOUR WITH AMERICAN MUSIC. By PAUL ROSENFELD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1929. $1.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE
Columbia University

MR. PAUL ROSENFELD is a very good friend of modern music and of the young American composer. He is an enthusiastic and optimistic listener who not only provides the sympathetic response so needed by our often discouraged creative artists in music, but embodies his enthusiasms in prose which becomes yearly more distinguished. He has a gift of critical insight and a flair for *le mot juste*. Also he has an ability unequalled by any contemporary in reproducing the spirit of music in words.

Nevertheless one wonders if he is the ideal person to write a survey of American music in the Lippincott One Hour Series which purports to be "a fresh and authoritative point of view as well as a brief summing up of progress in each field—the novel, medicine, psychology, history, etc." For Mr. Rosenfeld is admittedly more interested in the future of American music than in the present or past and becomes in this instance rather more of a prophet than a critic of accomplished values.

The only composers with works available to the general public that Mr. Rosenfeld considers seriously are MacDowell, Parker, and Loeffler of the older generation and Aaron Copeland of the younger. To be sure he dismisses Deems Taylor and Gershwin with an airy gesture which indicates at least that he accepts them as contemporary phenomena. But the amazing thing about such a résumé of achievement is the omission of any mention of such figures as Henry F. Gilbert, John Alden Carpenter, Daniel Gregory Mason of the older group, and Howard Hanson and Leo Sowerby of the younger. Perhaps Mr. Rosenfeld does not know the music of these men, in which case he probably does not attend concerts, for their works are played reasonably often and are known to the concert going public. As a matter of fact, a student of earlier works of Mr. Rosenfeld would discover that he does not like concerts and advances eloquent arguments against them. Greatly as the sensitive lover of music might sympathize with him, Mr. Rosenfeld should go to concerts and speak of the works played there in any general estimate of American music. Then if he disapproves we shall listen respectfully to his critical opinions.

Most of his book is devoted to some young composers who are many of them undoubted potentialities in the future of music. Mr. Rosenfeld's remarks about them are temperate and shrewd and would be of great interest to anyone familiar with the works discussed. But to present critical analyses and evaluations of music which is scarcely dry on paper and which our best agencies of music production (to their discredit be it said) studiously refrain from giving to the public, is to run the risk of snobism, a danger which Mr. Rosenfeld does not always effectively escape in his critical writings.

It might be claimed that the public and musicians are unfair to the music of the young Americans. Undoubtedly we have a silly defeatist attitude about the American composer and many of the foreign conductors flourishing in our midst foster this psychology by cynically refusing to accept any responsibility toward the development of a native music. Doubtless they are preoccupied with the problem of encouraging the potentialities and mediocrities of their own countries. Still we wonder if Mr. Rosenfeld's manner of campaign for the young is the wisest one to accomplish results. It is not very good for the composer himself who is led to thinking about his unappreciated greatness instead of his next work, a tendency which the age of critical appraisal almost before accomplishment does much to encourage. And so far as the public is concerned the high seriousness of this book in discussing music which you cannot hear unless you happen to be a friend of the composer is rather irritating and may create a prejudice against him.

The book aside from these criticisms is immensely interesting and full of wisdom. It seems as if Mr. Rosenfeld has said the last word about the possibilities of jazz for serious treatment. His recommendations to the American composer in the way of an approach to his material are stimulating and should help to develop a truly native idiom. And finally it

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is difficult to refrain from quoting with relish this observation about the French *enfants terribles*; "The young French music is marred by an abuse of the grotesque, an attempted substitution of surface feelings for feeling, the introduction of the facts of personality and transient emotions; and by a formalism based upon a misconception of Bach and Mozart."

Early American Poetry

POEMS OF FRENEAU. Edited with a Critical Introduction by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK (American Authors Series.) New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
University of North Carolina

ALTHOUGH the name of Philip Freneau lingers in anthologies, most American verse of the eighteenth century is of interest only to specialists. But because the poetry of that time was a medium of general ideas, one finds in it an expression of the philosophies which conditioned the development of the United States. Freneau is therefore important, not only because of his many-sided talent, but because, more characteristically than any other, he sums up the American idea in the Revolutionary and Jeffersonian eras. To this statement there is one large exception.

> Oh fatal day! when to the Atlantic shore
> European despots sent the doctrine o'er
> That man's vast race was born to lick the dust,

he wrote, and he meant the ideas of Alexander Hamilton.

Eighteenth century diction is so generalized as to make it appear that Freneau is all of a piece. Closer reading reveals a surprising variety in his work. An ardent republican—at least most of the time—he hymned the progress of democracy:

> The world at last will join
> To aid thy grand design,
> Dear Liberty!
> To Russia's frozen lands
> The generous flame expands:
> On Afric's burning sands
> Shall man be free!

Muscovite and African contumacy in adopting liberty does not spoil something fine and manly in Freneau's generous enthusiasm. For those who got in the way of liberty he had only contempt, and a large portion of his verse is devoted to the excoriation of tyranny—usually British, to which his unhappy experiences on a prison ship gave venom. But he was not always savage; he could make fun of New England and blue laws, ridicule his opponents, and celebrate American naval victories in swinging and jolly stanzas of which the secret has been lost. His grandiose epic and philosophic poems are failures, but he had a macabre power superior to that of the Rev. Edward Young which makes his "The House of Night" a minor masterpiece. He was susceptible to the languor of sub-tropical landscapes, and he wrote a few pale and delicate lyrics of nature, death, and love of a curious felicity of diction. Were I to select a typical poem, I should choose "The Indian Student: or, The Force of Nature," too long to quote, which narrates the story of an Indian sent to Harvard who preferred "Nature's ancient forests" to Greek.

Although Professor F. L. Pattee's edition of Freneau has been available, the present volume is the first to set the poet in the current philosophies of his time. These general ideas are admirably set forth in the introduction. The core of them was scientific deism. In the Newtonian universe all was harmony, God and nature could not be at strife, and the better promptings of human hearts indicated that mankind shared the general goodness. Such a doctrine is now unfashionable, but I suspect there is something to be said for it, though the reserve with which Professor Clark sets it forth indicates he has no belief in optimism. With due submission, Freneau's ideas are perhaps not so Rousseauistic as Mr. Clark seems to find them. "Other things being equal," he writes, "surely the truth makes the best poetry." But other things are rarely equal; inasmuch as Freneau's best poetry probably arises from a doctrine which the editor finds false, I suspect that Mr. Clark, who is a "humanist," has confused ethical and imaginative truth. In general, however, his preface is so far superior to anything else on the subject of Freneau that one is not disposed to cavil.

India's Greatest Book

THE BHAGAVAD GITA. Translated by A. W. RYDER. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THE "Song of the Beloved Lord" is the key to understanding India, and will be more and more read as the West seeks to know the East. "Uncounted millions," says the present translator, "have drawn from it comfort and joy. In it they have found an end to perplexity, a clear, if difficult, road to salvation." Though it is the third new version to appear within a year, Mr. Ryder's verse-translation is welcome as the first really popular poetic rendering to be based on accurate scholarship, and the insight which is born of sympathy. Those who know his fascinating versions of Kalidasa and of the Panchatantra will know him as a scholar of real poetic gifts: and in his new work some of the secrets of his own personality are laid bare.

"Disinterestedness" or detachment—of which Mr. Lippmann's "Preface to Morals" makes so much,—is the central thought of the Gita: it is akin

PAUL ROSENFELD
Caricatured by Wynn Holcomb.

to the "single eye" of the Sermon on the Mount—and it is the spirit of many men of science and of scholars in general. In it Mahatma Gandhi finds continual inspiration; and it finds utterance in these words of Krishna, and in many similar passages:

> All duties that the dullards do
> In selfish, greedy mood,
> The wise should also do, detached,
> For universal good.

This is the spirit of Krishna—the Beloved Lord of the Gita—who in the great epic of which it is part, is seen developing from hero to demigod, and from demigod to Lord and Father of the World. Like the Johannine Christ he speaks of his unresting and unselfish work for mankind, and urges Arjuna to do his dreadful duty as a soldier in this spirit. And linked with this is the teaching of Svadharma—to do one's caste-duty is the sure way to peace.

It is largely this view which animates Mahatma Gandhi in his adherence to caste: till we see him, the world's greatest pacifist, in the uniform of a British sergeant in South Africa, and in the rôle of a recruiting officer in the Great War.

Krishna himself so appears in the Wars of the Mahabharata which Indians boast were greater and much more prolonged:

> Far better botch your job than gain
> Perfection in your neighbor's:
> Die if you must, but do not run
> The risk of alien labors.

As in all great religious works the Norm is at once Lord and Exemplar—and in the Gita it is a lay-God who speaks to laymen. The Gita is, in a word, at once religion for all and ethics for all; it is "the layman's Upanishad" and seeks to combine in an amazing synthesis the three "Ways" of salvation: Works, Worship, and Illumination—the Ways of the man of action, of the devotee, and of the mystic.

It also seeks to combine Monism, Pluralism, and Monotheism: and accordingly atheist, naturalist, and theist find in it justification of their views. It is like a Hindu temple with its three great courtyards and its rich and varied sculptures: Vishnu the Sun God in Transfiguration, his Avatar Krishna the Warrior, and the serried ranks of the armies engaged in civil war, upon their flanks. No wonder Arjuna—the seeker—is puzzled. But gradually the Field of Battle is sublimated into the eternal War against Desire, and Krishna into the great and loving God who dwells in all, yet transcends all—and "in Whom" all may find victory over self and the World:

> Who does my work with utter love,
> From all attachments free
> And free from hate of any life,
> Brave soldier, comes to Me.
>
> Wherever life has vigor, grace,
> Or glory's magic flower,
> Derive its special splendor from
> Some fragment of my power. . . .

It is this Lord who sustains men with the great promise:

> Whenever vice grows prosperous
> And virtue fades in pain,
> O prince of Bhart's breeding, I
> Create myself again.
>
> To save the saintly, and to curb
> The evil-doers' rage,
> To establish virtue, I am born
> In each succeeding age.
>
> Who sees me everywhere, and sees
> In me all lives that be,
> I never can be lost to him,
> Nor he be lost to me.

It is easy to see why Mahatma Gandhi has said so often, "When I am discouraged or lonely it is to the Gita that I go, and I find there encouragement and comfort."

Mr. Ryder's version should be very popular: if it does not always reach the heights of poetic diction, it never evades the difficulties—and they are many and tough. To quote one example, which the critic who does not know the original may well dislike:

> Who sees non-working lurk,
> Working in non-work lurk,
> Is wise, is disciplined, a man
> Successful in all work.

The translator, in a word, never shirks the task that irks the reader! How good this is—and how bad—compared with Sir Edwin Arnold's

> He who sees
> How action may be rest, rest action—he
> Is wisest 'mid his kind: he hath the truth!
> He doeth well acting or resting. Freed
> In all his works from prickings of desire,
>
> Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,
> The wise call that one wise. . . .

It must be confessed that next to this, Dr. Ryder's

> When all initiatives are
> Desire—and fancy—free,
> When work is burned in wisdom's fire,
> Wise men a wise man see,

is rather jazzy.

But as the Gita is essentially for the man in the street, dignity can be bought at too great a price. Dr. Ryder succeeds at any rate in making the abstract concrete and the philosophical attractive. His version is, as it should be, a version for the Western lay-mind. This is its greatest value.

Nor is this a book merely to read and enjoy. The world needs some of the ennobling lessons of the Gita. Like all philosophy in India it is philosophy with a practical application, and with so splendid a setting that it has become one of the most popular themes for the artist as well as for the teacher. Though the masses of India know the shepherd Krishna the lover of Radha, it is to the warrior Krishna that her teachers and scholars turn. He has inspired not only the gentle and magnanimous Gandhi, but Shivaji, "the mountain rat," who defied the Great Mogul, and numberless young revolutionaries who have carried a bomb in one hand or a Gita in the other and have justified the one by the other—in our times.

We need to understand the Gita then to understand many things in India's fascinating and complex civilization. No great teacher is accepted by her until he has written a commentary on it. And today if Gandhi is her Mahatma, Aurobind Ghose, the latest Indian commentator on the Gita, is her Rishi. He was himself a revolutionary, and in exile wrote his noble commentary—in English learned at Cambridge.

Mr. Ryder's version, then, is to be commended for its timeliness as well as its skill and learning. The scholarly—all too short—preface adds to its value: and the Chicago Press is to be congratulated on all but the price,—and the queer portrait of the translator upon the flyleaf.

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With No Willow in Her Hand

DIDO: QUEEN OF HEARTS. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

AGAIN Mrs. Atherton turns away from the present scene to a past enshrined in classical literature. This time Latin poetry is the altar upon which she lays tribute, her historical novel being especially designed to celebrate the bimillenium of Virgil. In it she expands the Æneid's episode of Dido and Æneas, the first romantic love story of Græco-Roman antiquity. The subtitle, "Queen of Hearts," is not felicitous, in its rather merry suggestiveness. For Mrs. Atherton's Dido is as royal and regal as Virgil's, with a nature attuned to a tragic destiny rather than to light adventures. She does, indeed, command the hearts of many men —her Tyrian husband, the goddess-born hero of Troy, the black king of Libya, her prime minister in Carthage—but there is no smiling play in their passions or her own.

The novel begins back of the Æneid, and imagines the life of Dido—then Elissa—with Sychæus in Tyre, her quarrel with her brother, the murder of her husband, the starting out with her loyal followers to found a new city. The foundation and development of Carthage follow, with imagined details that expand the famous Virgilian *dux femina facti*. The lust of Libyan Iarbas for the beautiful immigrant is used for several episodes. The character of the prime minister, Tadmelak, in love with the woman and loyal to the queen, is a new invention.

It is not until "Part Three" that Æneas arrives, driven by a storm to strange shores. From then on the novel follows, expandingly, the epic, from the inception of the grand passion to the departure of the Trojan man of destiny and the suicide of the queen of Carthage.

Mrs. Atherton, however, has made one significant change. To understand it, the reader should bear in mind the significance of Virgil's story in the midst of a poem that was undertaken as a glorification of Rome. In spite of the Augustan poet's intense patriotism, much of the Æneid could be summed up as a questioning of the Price of Glory. So great was the labor of founding the Roman race —"tanta moles erat Romanam condere gentem"— this is one of the undying lines of the Æneid.

The price of Rome's foundation was heavy, not only for the hero, but for everybody in his path. In the portrayal of the toll exacted from others Virgil showed a compassion which at times seems to cleave him from classical literature and make him the founder of romanticism. Of all the persons made to suffer by Æneas's destiny to build Rome Dido is the most famous. The pious hero cuts a sorry figure. Down through the centuries the woman he deserted has held the sympathy of all readers. Such has been the power of Virgil's pity, set to the music of his noble hexameters.

Mrs. Atherton does not change Æneas, nor the passion and sorrow of Dido. But, most interestingly, she refuses to leave us with a woman killing herself for love. It is the queen, the leader of the deeds of Carthage, who controls the conclusion of the novel. As in the Æneid, sister Anna has been deceived, the funeral pyre has been erected on a false pretext, bearing the sword and shield of the Trojan deserter and the fateful marriage bed. As in the Æneid, Dido ascends the pyre, plunges the sword into her breast, and lets her soul pass upon the wind that speeds Æneas to Italy. But the modern woman novelist tells us that this is the great queen's way of saving her city and her people from the Libyan king, who will seek her, and raze Carthage if he cannot have her, whereas, with her beauty gone forever, he will become an ally of the young colony. It is a significant, modernistic revaluation of a woman's whole character as related to love.

As for the technique of this novel, it will suffice to carry the ancient story to many new readers, and beyond that perhaps a reviewer should not worry. Gertrude Atherton cannot reproduce a period of civilization as Carola Oman can, so that one is looking at an old tapestry, or as Phoebe Gayne can, so that figures move in light. She is perilously near the conventional "costume novel."

Archæologically, the period of the Phoenician grow so early on a Mediterranean island, the illustrader is well portrayed. If oranges are made to sion is cherished by many of us. If Cyprus is said to have diamonds, when perhaps they were only rock crystals, we yet shall not lose the splendor of Tyrian purple upon Dido's royal shoulders. Nor need we be concerned for Mrs. Atherton's nonchalant spelling of proper names taken from the Æneid. It better becomes us to thank her for her tribute to Virgil, her evocation of a golden bough from amid the shadows of the past.

Escape toward Beauty

KALEIDOSCOPE. By ELEANOR FARJEON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN the frame of a delicate metaphor, which gives her book its name and pattern, Miss Eleanor Farjeon has set her group of tales about one Anthony, both as a little boy puzzling at life's odd mixture of reality and fancy and as an impractical young man bent upon escape toward beauty. The stories are exquisitely written and added to this loveliness of words, Miss Farjeon brings a smiling irony and a tender sophistication.

This Anthony, boy and man, had a kaleidoscope and through it he looked at the world about him.

> He looked through his Kaleidoscope, and saw a *pattern*. And suddenly, something shifted, and he saw another pattern—the same pieces, the same colors, but with a difference. And however much he loved it he could not make it last. And however swiftly it shifted, it only shifted into something else. He always longed for the thing that would stay forever; and if he had found it he would have longed for the thing it might change into.

Thus, while there are casual gestures toward a Fairy Godmother and a Wizard, Miss Farjeon never leaves us in any doubt as to the true source of enchantment. The fancy of Anthony has little need of wizard. A wizard can change a house into a cat or a cat into a house, but there is a finer magic than that here, full of wisdom and tenderness as well as the marvellous and the beautiful. And this magic rises, thin as the steam from a witch's broth, out of fragile traditions of Roman days in Britain and prosaic sentences from contemporary newspapers, to a cloud of dream which blots away the impermanent earth of nurses and trams and offices and jobs.

But this Miss Farjeon is not a woman to be trusted. She leads her reader to believe that he is reading a book of simple, whimsical tales and then brings him suddenly upon some such fine piece of ironical writing as the story of Nazzareno Pichi and the theological scandal which followed his taking his little ass with him into the church of St. Stephen during Mass. Such stories come with surprising suddenness through the book.

If there is irony in "Kaleidoscope," there is tenderness as well, a tenderness colored with a gentle humor about childhood, obsessed with beauty, fumbling with reality. Thus there is the story Anthony's mother told him of the villa in Bath where once a lovely lady, who wore the name of Miller, lived and where in those times poets came every week with unsigned poems for her and dropped them into a vase. The lady came and chose the best poem and gave to the happy poet a crown of bay. And Anthony suggested that she marry him too. But no, his practical mother pointed out, that would mean a new husband each week. There remained, Anthony insisted, the device of cutting off the old husbands' heads. Even that would not have done, his mother thought.

> "Then didn't the lovely Miller marry anybody?" asked Anthony.
> "Yes, she did."
> "Who?"
> "Mr. Miller."
> "Did he put poems in the vase?"
> "Well, really, I don't know, Tony."
> "I expect he did," said Anthony. "I expect he wrote the best poem three weeks running, and then she married him."
> "I dare say that is how it was," said his mother.

"Interesting literary associations are recalled by the announcement that Beech Hill Park, on the edge of Epping Forest, is for sale," says *John o'London's Weekly*. "It was there after the death of his father in 1837, that Alfred Tennyson went to live with his family, and there that the chimes of Waltham Abbely inspired him to write 'Ring out, wild bells!' In the same surroundings he wrote 'The Talking Oak' and 'Locksley Hall,' and he once told a friend that he liked the house 'for itself and its nearness to London.' But three years later the family removed to 'the mere moustrap of a house' at Tunbridge Wells, and after only a year there, to Boxley, near Maidstone."

Glitter

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN. By KATHARINE BRUSH. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

FRANK STOCKTON once recorded his chagrin at finding everything he wrote compared with "The Lady or the Tiger," and declared that if he ever wrote anything else as good he would destroy it. Miss Katharine Brush must sometimes be tempted to indulge a similar feeling about the great and deserved success of her "Night Club." But some comparison is inevitable between her short stories and her latest book, "Young Man of Manhattan." Miss Brush's great talent has been for situation, for the provocative setting of a situation as in "Night Club" and "Him and Her," or the solution of a situation, as in "Speakeasy." One cannot help, therefore, a feeling of disappointment at finding the situation in "Young Man of Manhattan," a deep-rooted difference between husband and wife, solved by the adventitious blindness of the wife and the complete reform of the husband, in a manner which reminds one of the hasty cutting of knots with which some of Dickens's plots are brought to a close.

It is a pity, because Miss Brush has made full use of her other talent, that of creating fascinating and significant backgrounds. No one who has read "Speakeasy" can forget the two contrasted scenes against which Monty's double life was led. In "Young Man of Manhattan" the romantic world of the newspaper people will stay in the mind long after the quarrel and reconciliation of Toby and Ann are forgotten. "Glitter" is Miss Brush's word, in every sense; it is her title for one of her books; it is the word that comes to mind on reading her. All her scenes, prize-fights and football games, studios and speakeasies, in this novel, have the glitter of verbal felicity and a glitter in their air like the sparkle in the air of New York. Her newspaper people are entirely delightful; they converse with the accent of life and yet are much more amusing than real talk often is. They have the appeal of all characters, in Restoration drama or modern fiction, who don't care too much about money or morals or tomorrow. One could not ask for anything pleasanter or more entertaining than the opening chapters, while Toby and Ann are still perfectly happy; one would be satisfied if there were no pretence of plot, if these witty people did nothing for three hundred pages but fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. But if there is to be a plot, it should be worthy of its reckless and unconventional setting; and one cannot say of this story that it is.

"Young Man of Manhattan" is much below the best of Miss Brush's short stories, and will probably be much more successful. One cannot help suspecting that it was meant to be so.

Sir William Craigie's "Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue," which will carry the story down to 1700 and the "Scottish National Dictionary," which Mr. William Grant is editing for the Scottish National Dictionary Association, are under way at the same time. The latter work will deal with the modern period when Scots, having ceased to be a lettered language, had split up into various dialects.

In the century that has elapsed since Dr. John Jamieson's famous "Dictionary of the Scottish Language" was completed, an enormous amount of research has been done in Scotland. Mr. Grant's dictionary alone will contain thousands of words that have never appeared in a dictionary before.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 26
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The Bowling Green

Apologia Pro Sua Preoccupatione

WHAT is there in the damned old place that makes me love her so, beyond reason or sense? Is it her incorrigible shabbiness? There's a queer eddy of wind on Hudson Street, which so operates that all the jetsam of the highway is drawn in some airy suction to twirl and nestle on our front pavement. A lively scour of breeze, from whatever quarter, funnels itself into a vacuum beside our steps: all the papers, loose trash, cabbage leaves, disjected rubbish, deposit humorously in the path of the arriving patron. I used to imagine this some deliberate jocularity of neighbors until I studied the meteorology of Hoboken. There is actually a spiral of atmosphere that gathers every casual leaf of paper on Hudson Street and spins it to our door. It avails not how often our burly and diligent McBride goes out with his broom. The explorer from Manhattan, delicately choosing his way, doubtless smiles a little to read the legend "America's Most Famous Theatre" blazoned on so proletarian a façade. (By the way, Mac, those front door panes need washing.)

What is it indeed that makes us love her? Is it the queer diversity of her fortunes? She began life as a beer-garden; she has played burlesque and vaudeville and movies; she has known every vicissitude; and the certainties too, both death and taxes. There is a scrubwomen's cupboard upstairs, formerly used to store mops and pails and aprons; we turned it into our little business office; there is just room for a manager, a typewriter, one of those skewers you spear bills on, and a telephone conversation with prospective customers. On the wall of that humble closet are some historic numerals scrawled in pencil. They date from the days when Marty Johnson was manager and playing burlicue, 14 performances a week. The figures record the house's old High Water Mark for weekly Take. Marty remembers that it was the Stone and Pillard burlesque company that hung up that record. I shan't quote the digits, but we nearly doubled them once during the run of *After Dark*.

* * *

"My Old Lady, London," cries Eddie Newton in his tender and charming tributes to the world's greatest town. In somewhat the same spirit I give you my mistress, that jocund and preposterous old theatre. The Old Rialto, she's toasted! (Mac, be sure to keep a good draught going in the furnace these cold days. But an Old Rialto audience's feet are the warmest anywhere, because they mark time to the songs on the uncarpeted floor. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching. . . .)

There must have been some subtle and instinctive affinity between us, for from the time Throck first showed her to me I have had no other god but her. I have endured plentiful reproach on her behalf: the warnings of friends, the groans of old kinsprits. When are you going to get back to your writing, they say—as if sitting in a room and writing were all of life. Well, there's plenty to write about; but in the joy and annoyance and perplexity of the theatre there is something that moves deeper than mere writing (which, as an exclusive occupation, is a lonely and morbid job). I see that wistful mystery of the theatre peeping out sometimes in the casual remarks of such champion old showmen as Mr. Belasco—in whom the stage is not just an exhilarating gamble but (as the famous collar would seem to imply) a form of naïve theology. In the miracle of the theatre you see a form of art in actual impact upon its ultimate consumer. Faulty, clumsy, imperfect as your intuitions may be, you see (and feel) an intangible and radiant thing struggling for communication. Occasionally you see that same thing at the mercy of an audience insensitive to its conventions. The old melodramas, for instance, which afford the audience so many heart-easing opportunities for collaboration, also tacitly assume that those who "assist" (admirable French word for the spectators) do not chime in at the wrong moment, simply because by doing so they lose the niceties which are necessary to their complete pleasure. So long as the things one loves are worth fighting for, so long it is worth the labor, day after day, to return to the hazardous and hopeful task. Raising a play is as patient and continuous a job as raising a child. And though there are times when one is too proud to speak for things one loves, there are also times perhaps when one must be too proud to be silent.

* * *

I sat down after a certain performance to let my mind move over some meanings and memories that the Old Rialto has for me. It was the kind of performance that means perhaps most of all: a post-holiday matinee when the house was meagre, when the Public showed its large and inalienable capacity for Staying Away. (What a genius for Not Coming the public can sometimes have, every showman knows.) And by one of those happy chances it proved one of the finest performances I have seen anywhere. The company gave their best: one had the divine pleasure of seeing some of them actually achieve what one had known was latent but had not quite come through before in the way of feeling and (as directors love to say) "projection." The audience, at first frightened by its own smallness (people have always a delicious instinct of inferiority when they find themselves fewer than they expect) then warmed into genuine and affectionate enthusiasm. Sincerity on the stage came across the footlights and created real union. Old and poor and unfashionable as the theatre was that afternoon, by God I was proud of her; and I said to myself that even the humblest of her lovers might speak out for her. For such moments men live, when they see their fellows giving all they have, without assurance of gain or glory. And I felt honorably sorry for those who were not there, for they had missed something beautiful and merry.

* * *

How many extraordinary memories of companionship in mirth or anxiety the show business affords. I know something of the problems of the author; even, if I must be candid, of the trouper; but for the close pressure of reality I bespeak your sympathy for the "Front of the House" and the Manager, that seldom romanticized figure. I look back upon some notably unsuccessful ventures at another theatre, and I perceive how enormously important it is in this Divine Comedy to learn how to Take a Licking. Perhaps you have never stood in the box office of a dying show, when there is plenty of time to smoke and meditate between customers, and considered how charmingly pretty the tickets are, piled up in the rack for Advance Sales. White, yellow, fawn, green, pink, red, lilac—such attractive colors and all equally unsalable. Yes, to have lived through some of those afternoons is a necessary part of one's education in Show Business. I can still hear Tom muttering to himself over the checkbook as he figured out how Saturday afternoon was to be met; hear the depressing thump as Kathryn rubber-stamped a thick wad of tickets to be given away to paper the house, marking them as "duckets." (Or should it be "ducats"? I rather suspect that that term for free tickets is as old as Shakespeare. Many a manager, at such times, has echoed old Shylock's cry of anguish—'Thou stick'st a dagger in me: four-score ducats at a sitting!' Perhaps that was even a little showman joke that Shakespeare put in to amuse himself.) What delightful flurries of hopefulness—the promptness with which one answers the tiny buzz of the telephone. (Box office phones do not ring, they purr softly in a confidential annunciator.) I hear Tom saying: "When an agency orders eleven tickets on you it ain't a bad sign." Nor shall I forget the time when a tall powerful person appeared at the window and I was all ready to assure him that I could give him two in the tenth, yes, and right on the aisle. He hesitated, seemed singularly anxious to speak as intimately and discreetly as possible, and finally, inserting a large and mobile mouth right into the round aperture in the glass, remarked "I represent the Sheriff."

Fortunately, just across the street from the Lyric stage door there was an excellent lunch-wagon, where one could (and can) get a very filling meal for about twenty-five cents. There is no old trouper anywhere who does not look back with affection on many such interludes.

* * *

Perhaps our costly experience at the Lyric made us love the Old Rialto all the more. There is an air of unbelievableness about her that still persists even when we know her so well. She is so gorgeously unaesthetic! When the house was built they quite forgot to put in any dressing-rooms, which had to be supplied afterward in a lean-to addition leased from the adjoining property. They are approached through a tunnel under the theatre, a stony old passage-way as romantically satisfying as any crypt in Westminster Abbey. To our great pleasure this dressing-room wing has a legal easement upon it permitting the maintenance of clothes-masts, from which the linen of Hudson Street flutters bravely over the rear alley. It is that alley which serves as Green Room on summer evenings. Nothing could be pleasanter than to see the company taking their ease out there on benches in the warm nights last summer; and Old Tom, the crapulous sandwich man in *After Dark*, whose rags nothing could further tarnish, stretched on the cobbles. Good beer is not far to seek. May I make a managerial confession? I was substituting in the rôle of Old Tom while Arthur Morris was on vacation. During that week there was a member of the company who missed a critical cue at matinee by dallying overlong with the clam broth cup in our favorite clam brothel. I was much outraged by this breach of professional rigor, and prepared a Notice for him which I was going to hand him that evening. That very night, so is human frailty chastised, I committed the same error myself, in the same tavern. I destroyed that Notice undelivered.

There were a few minutes in the second act of *After Dark* while Old Tom waited offstage in his boat, before Eliza jumped off the dock. It was then that they sang "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," and the substitute Old Tom used to lie there, gazing up at a border of blue lights overhead and speculating on the complete improbability of the whole affair.

I suppose it is the intimate sense of companionship in effort which is part of the theatre's magic. You surrender much of the complete egotistic control which a writer has over his own job; in return you receive the curious joys and pangs inseparable from a parliamentary affair proceeding by chancy human compromise. And the collaborated efforts of the theatre, however arduous, are by necessity undertaken in a social spirit more intensely grotesque and emotional than any other work can suggest. It is a commonplace of experience that sometimes in rehearsals you attain effects you never touch again. In that elastic, casual, farcical and nerve-strained period, marked by endless hours, irregular me wearines, despair, cauldrons of midnight coffee screams of laughter, certain vibrations of human comedy are most strongly plucked. Particularly, I admit, in our Hoboken rehearsals, many of which have always been held in haphazard places. Most of the rehearsing of *The Blue and The Gray* was done in the parlor of the Continental Hotel; it used to be special fun to see Joe Samperi, the hospitable little proprietor, gravely watching in a corner; the success of the play meant as much to him as to us. I often wondered what his guests may have thought, when they came into the lobby to register and heard the outcry of Northerners and Confederates practising their romantic bitterness in the parlor. And the mythical Philadelphian of the old postman story, if he dropped into Bill's grill-room across the back alley one of these evenings, would surely be disturbed to see officers in correct C.S.A. uniform lined up at the bar for that hot clam broth and liverwurst.

* * *

Any theatre, anywhere, is always an appeal to the imagination; but very specially, in this deathday of the oldtimers, a house that has had so long and checkered a career. A place like that arouses loyalties that sound almost too sentimental for offhand print. I do not forget how little Eleanor, then our box-office cashier, used to call me up at home in the evenings when *After Dark* was beginning to go over the top. One night she said "It's over six hundred, isn't it wonderful!" There was a pause, and I heard a queer gargling sound. "Excuse me, Mr. Morley," she continued, "but I couldn't help it. I'm crying." Nor do I forget how Mildred stood by in the box office in the bitterly cold weeks when *After Dark* had closed and the house was lifeless until we got *The Blue and The Gray* ready. The furnace was not on, and in spite of electric heaters arranged in a formidable battery we could not keep Mildred's extremities warm. But she sat on a stool, on a pile of telephone books, and pattered away on a typewriter; and anyone who called Hoboken 8088 was sure to get an earfull about what a grand show the new one would be. There was the memorable time when we closed two shows the same evening. Something like $7000 in cash had to be paid out that day to meet all salaries. It's a lot of money, and

(*Continued on page* 655)

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As a Man Thinketh

WE who are now thirty or just a little under know why Thoreau felt inspirited when someone asked him what *he thought* and attended to his answer. We have had enough experience with our elders to lift an eyebrow in polite surprise when they pay us such a compliment. We welcome an opportunity to give our honest opinion on a question about which we think we know something, and to declare the faith which buoys us above the slough of respectable somnambulism into which our predecessors are already boggling.

The mere accident of birth has placed us in a position unique among the generations; we are the last of those for whom the strange way of the world before the war is anything but an archæological dream impossible to reconstruct. For us life still divides itself with reference to the war. We were high school students when it began; we were ready for college when our own country went mad; we have reached maturity in the disillusioning years which have followed. We vividly remember the comparatively unhurried life of our unmotorized, unradioed, pre-talkie adolescence when our cities were still livable and the country knew repose. We took the idealism of the war period seriously, youthfully unaware that it was only a fragile capsule secreting the nasty black powder of war. We were college boys full of hope for the future. We were in the situation of young Wordsworth in 1798. We too believed that it was great to be alive in that day when there were so many opportunities to make the world safe for so many desirable things.

Not many of us got any nearer to the quietness of the Western Front than the horrors of a Student Army Training Camp. It was providential. We got rid of our pubescent illusions without shock, and without being forced into the bitter cynicsm, despair, and crude revolt which characterize the work of so many of our immediate predecessors. We are able therefore to see the world with much of the enthusiasm and sympathy of youth still in our blood, and with a perspective sharpened but not distorted by the cataclysm.

That is, we think, the most important fact about us. It is the one quality we have in common. For in spite of all that our critical elders have said about our standardized up-bringing, our goose-stepping education, and the suppression of our individuality (ours is the generation about which so many volumes have been written), we are by no means homogeneous. We have our radicals, and we even have those who read *The Saturday Review*. We have only the individuality of a great state composed of different counties which differ markedly from one another. Nevertheless the state is a unit, and the governor from Adams County is its spokesman. The minority report must be taken for granted and disregarded.

We have observed the literary scene long enough and intensely enough to have some opinions on the high calling for which we are serving a devoted, if sometimes restless, apprenticeship. We were somewhere in college when the windows of heaven were opened and the deluge came in the form of Mr. Mencken's "Prefaces," Mr. Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen," Mr. Hergesheimer's "Java Head" and "The Three Black Pennies," Mr. O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," Mr. Lewis's "Main Street." We had read "Sister Carrie," and when "The Genius" was finally released from the lecherous-minded censors, we dutifully plowed through its ponderous sexuality and religious sentimentality. We have grown up with the war literature from "Mr. Britling" to "Sergeant Grischa." And we were young enough to be aroused by Lindsay, Lowell, Frost, Robinson, Masters, Sandburg, Millay, and the ephemera from the Petit Gourmet, Towertown, and Greenwhich Village when they were still in their prime.

This is no mean inheritance, and we honor our predecessors for their distinguished accomplishment. We read them when they were fresh and we were impressionable. We had the joy of discovery, as it were, whereas the on-coming generation must be taught them in college; and these books which gave us an exciting lift are fast falling into the category of dull classics.

With all these things behind us, we look at the present state of letters in the Republic. We are definitely impatient with our immediate predecessors who called themselves realists. We do not think they have given an accurate picture of life, and we propose to avoid the formula of their work. "The facts of life without rearrangement" was the neat cliché in which reposed the perfection of art. We regard the work produced over this prescription as another form of sentimentality, and we loathe sentimentality. We think that Sinclair Lewis rearranged Main Street into a pattern no less false than Gene Stratton Porter would have created. The fact that one is dressed in pink and the other in smokey brown does not alter the fact of rearrangement. We go to France and England only to hear our contemporaries speak patronizingly of us in terms of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," and we know that Mr. Lewis has betrayed us. Careful scrutiny does not reveal these stark and unrelieved patterns to us. And we must rebuke him, with the impertinence excusable in youth, for sacrificing the truth to a clever cynicism. The essential falsity protrudes especially in such instances as that in which Elmer is disturbed in his prayers by the ankles of the new choir girl. Space compels us to pose Mr. Lewis as the representative of the group.

We are also a little bored with the group over which Mr. Mencken presides. It is the respectful boredom which a youth feels for a father who has brought him up well, but who insists upon repeating the lecture long since learned by heart. We honor Mr. Mencken's patriarchal head. It is the irony of his fate that the generation now reaching thirty looks upon him with the kindly affection reserved for its other professors whose rantings amused their duller hours. But it is not we who have swelled the *Green Broadside* to 80,000. It must be those who have grown old with Mr. Mencken and his acolytes, the generation of giants now thirty-seven and over, or the babes and sucklings who are twenty and under.

Perhaps we have need of a bold, black overseer with a rawhide whip to lash at our follies. God knows there are plenty of them to lash, if that is what should be done with them. It is the prescription and not the diagnosis upon which we disagree. We believe the playground is preferable to the hospital for fostering health. We contend that no important body of literature has ever come out of the operating room of a surgical clinic. Ether, blood, and putridity wilt the white flower of art. We are being forced into the belief that lashing is a fad and a formula which we have confused with art. It is so easy to do. Close your eyes to the cowslips and pounce upon the nettles. Senators and bishops could use the same technique against Mr. Mencken that he uses against them. It is not a high form of art. We are amused with ourselves now as we look back upon the little bastard Mencken-pieces we used to write when we were in college and send to the *Green Broadside* for the thanks of the editor. We even published a college magazine in the same vein, which the administration promptly suppressed after the first issue. We received a letter of commendation from the patriarch. We now recognize the immeasurable superiority of Willa Cather over Ben Hecht.

We are sorry to see some of our own group swinging into this orbit, even though the attraction is great. We feel that one generation devoted almost exclusively to de-bunking and cudgel-reaction is sufficient, especially since it has done its work so well. We are as much outraged by knavery, vulgarity, stupidity, and meanness as any of our elders; but we think this story has already been told so often without variation that it has outlived its purpose. We are discovering commendable qualities in Main Street which may serve us for a new theme-song. If the Gods are good to us, we will write a new realism which is at least as old as Jane Austen and William Thackeray. It will be tempered with a sympathy for the permanent values of life hardly to be expected in the generation already mature at the time of the war.

We are not pinched by the spiritual conflict which was forced ruthlessly upon our elders. They wandered between Matthew Arnold's two worlds, albeit they did constrain the new one to be born. But we who can remember the old with some faint yearnings have, none the less, matured with the new mechanism. We accept it rather calmly, like a native of the slums, as the way life is and make ourselves at home. We haven't so many things to purge out of our souls. We would never think of turning our backs upon the Republic and rushing off to the Latin Quarter or Bloomsbury to find self-expression. We are composed and we think we are rational. We are even hopeful. Charge it to our youth, if you like, but we are courageously in quest of the good and the permanent in the motley fury of American life. We are still high-hearted enough to try to see life not in terms of temporary and distorted patterns which irritate us, but in terms of permanent values which illuminate it. We want to expose follies and hypocrisies, but we also want to make room for a purer blood-stream of basic humanity without which we believe there can be no literature.

Here our disillusioned elders will probably smile and patronize our youth. We give them back their smile. Our group will be heard from. The point about us and our outlook is that we inherited a world already so fully disillusioned that we were able to begin at twenty-one where our predecessors had arrived at thirty-five. We are now falling in love with the goddess of beauty, she who has been long exiled from our world. We know almost nothing about a story like Will Durant's. We are mildly amazed to find people dramatizing their "Transition." We began with the knowledge that we live on the surface of a cold star lost in a universe too vast and too complicated to be interested in us. We have been nurtured on science and Anatole France. We passed out of the little Christian world where God looked tenderly down upon us every morning and recorded the fall of every sparrow into this mechanized universe as undisturbed as we walked out of the house that Jack built. We were spared the moods of pessimism and despondency, and we are not misled by the literature of despair. We are aware of its implied inconsistency. We have already written enough to know the tremendous labor involved in constructing a work of art. We do not believe that anybody who sincerely imagines that the power behind our life is malignant, sinister, capricious like Setebos, cruel like Moby Dick and only waiting an opportune moment to shove us under; who honestly thinks that life is only a sorrowful moment of consciousness in a cruel universe where nothing is of permanent value, would take the trouble to say so in painfully wrought out literary form.

We find that life is a self-contained unit which justifies itself without necessary reference to the problematical future about which we can know nothing. We are almost willing to go back to Browning's poetry of barbarism and declare that man's life is good, the mere living. We do not believe that any literature can flourish long in a soil unfertilized by hope and unwarmed by beauty. That is why most of our contemporary literature is a green fig-tree without fruit. We are trying to get away from a literature based on background hunting and the desire to startle our grandmothers. We want to recapture the lyric note too long absent from the realms of gold. We want to find beauty and respond to it with passionate recognition. We believe we may discover that the universe, with all its shortcomings, is still fully as rational as our protests, and that enough patient searching may find out the lost Apollo.

We shall probably have to write not more than one novel to free our souls completely from the derivative mood of protest. Many of us have already written it. We are not griped, as our elders were, by prohibition, Victorianism, insanity about sex, American provincialism, and indifference to art and letters. We can remember only a few trips to the saloons and the beer-gardens. The only good spirits we know were those we drank in Paris and Berlin. Conviviality never became sufficiently a part of us to excite our temperature by its disappearance. We cannot have very much to say about it, therefore, except as we would protest against any prohibitive legislation as a matter of principle.

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by Harlan Hatcher

We are not irritated by the Victorians as our predecessors were and are. Our passions are not involved. We look upon that curious era as objectively as we do the age of Elizabeth. We don't understand the ferocity of Aldington and Huxley.

We can't be expected to rail about sex. We have youth's healthy interest in that subject, but we approach it more as a matter of course than our elders did and do. In fact, we are even becoming just a little romantic about it again, probably as a reaction to the archaism of Mr. Dreiser (whom we revere, let it be said), the abnormalities of Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Jeffers, *et al.*, the innuendoes of Mr. Cabell, the cynicism of Edna Millay (which we deplore). We have found that nature has a way with her, and that certain processes of life are able to look after themselves. *Eros et ficus elastica.* We discredit the tendency of our elders to invert the sexes. They experienced the first fruits of feminine emancipation, and they have not enjoyed the flavor. They saw their demure Victorian maidens transformed into predatory, superior, uninhibited, deadly females and they were unprepared for the encounter. Hence the long and growing list of books, plays, cinemas, and vaudeville skits picturing poor, weak, unstable, inhibited males being bullied about and exploited by the new female. But we have grown up with her. We find no essential difference between Betty Ann and Nausicaä. "Oh mistress mine, where are you roaming?" is much nearer the eternal truth about her than "Flaming Youth." We find furthermore that children are still begotten either by accident or by design.

We inherit a country already quite safe for literature and art and steadily increasing in virtue. We may, therefore, spare the lash and encourage our brethren in the faith.

We have given and are giving the excessive attention of the beginner to the questions of form. We like smartness; we love style; we sweat over technique. But we disapprove of smartness which is only a synthesis of style and technique. We believe that distinction and individuality are not dependent upon uniqueness. We have those among us who tear their hair in wild experiment, but they cannot be our spokesmen. We do not approve of the "is five" poets and the "Manhattan Transfer" novelists. We wish to avoid being mere craftsmen. We think that our English contemporaries are surpassing us in this. They are attaining a smartness born of clear thinking and distinguished handling of their material, whereas the few of us who have in any sense arrived, especially the poets, show a shallow preciosity which we regret.

We recall with a smile which has in it something of the patronage of youth how Amy Lowell and her group used to frame and reframe a "new" credo for poetry. We can still repeat the fine phrases of their formula in our sleep: "the language of common speech," "always the *exact* word," "new rhythms," "exact images," "poetry that is hard and clear," "absolute freedom in choice of subject." We see with the perspective of a few years of maturity that these noble pioneers were betrayed by their creed. We honor them for their attempt to rescue the muse from her pitiful orphanage of thirty years ago. We also recognize that their work consisted of many bright shells and very few pearls of great price. We should like to draw upon the wisdom of another great formulator of poetic creeds and add the catalyzing element: that all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, and that the absolute freedom in the choice of subject is barren without the coloring of the imagination which transforms it and traces in it the primary laws of our nature. Is it too much to hope that some of us may have this imagination?

We do not abuse Whitman and his followers for their radical program of departure from the past. Perhaps our debt to Greece and Rome was overpaid; perhaps we did need new themes and new rhythms for literature; certainly the generation now reaching thirty yields to no man in its admiration of Walt Whitman. We praise him for his high-hearted humanity, for his love of his country, for his immense sympathy for life, for his utopian dreams of a nation of great men. We think it unfortunate that the generations which have followed have thought too much of his cutting loose and too little of his humanity and his idealism.

We want to balance the account. We recognize that the country is young and busy. The conquest of the continent was in itself a kind of poetic "Leaves of Grass" constructed by several generations of mute Miltons. They had no time for letters and we can't complain about it. Hebrew literature was not written in the period of the Judges. We can insist that the pioneering age with its inevitable crudity is passed. We see a commendable desire in the country for a progress not wholly material. Our fathers in increasing numbers are giving their sons the advantages they themselves were forced to forego. We do not wish to cut loose. One of the lessons about life which we have learned most thoroughly is that generation follows generation and that all progress is cumulative if not constant. We look back over the history of our literature only to have this fact reëmphasized. There are cycles of protest and reaction, but the current moves on. Amy Lowell is no newer to us than William Wordsworth, and Wordsworth is no newer than John Donne. Protests are remembered in direct proportion to the degree of essential humanity contained in them. "Gulliver's Travels" and "Huckleberry Finn" are new books for children. We read "Romeo and Juliet" but we do not read "The Alchemist." All literature has a common human quality for a core, with a marginal prism of individual genius. We would not lose the freedom so honorably won for us by our immediate predecessors; we should like to justify it as we think people like Hemingway are going to justify it. Neither would we be blind to the beauties of a five-hundred year old tradition. Keats loved Spenser and revelled in Chapman. We think he did a very good job in the Ode to a Nightingale.

But we are troubled about the chaotic state of letters and criticism in the Republic. We are forced into prayers and meditations to keep our faith pure. We sympathize with George Herbert trying to choose between the austere pleasures of the Church and the bright opportunities in the world of fashion. We see ourselves surrounded with every conceivable fad. We have seen the detective story climb into society like the small town wife of a Gold Coast scion. We have seen it sweep the stage and the cinema. We have seen every imaginable kind of war book. We have seen the novel become a social worker's record chart, a guide to utopias, a casebook of the maladjusted, a clinical record of perverts, diseased minds, homosexuals, and every kind of neurosis. We have seen it synthesize with the essay to give us discourse disguised as fiction. Aldington said it in the preface to "Death of a Hero": use the novel form, you can do any damn thing you please. We see the drama temporarily wiped out of existence. We are swamped under an orgy of biographies of nonentities thrown together by potboiling sciolists. We see unheard of people crashing the first page with best sellers. Tramps, showmen, sailors, quacks, mountebanks rush into print with some new oaths and some back-fence, corner-police words for physiological functions as their one recommendation, and their publishers find hosts of reviewers to tell us they have swallowed the compound and recovered from their lumbago. "Greater than Thomas Hardy." "Elemental as 'The Growth of the Soil.'" Up go the sales of writers like Trader Horn and Joan Lowell, and critics who should know better try to tell us that this is the real stuff. We are not deceived by the humbuggery. In the privacy of our unknown workshops we toss these things into the wastebasket and pray for balance and perspective.

Amid all this fury of earthquake and tempest we are trying to remain calm and clearsighted upon Mt. Horeb. We have our moments when Mammon lures us; we could not escape it in a civilization based so largely upon General Motors and the Stock Exchange. But we are convinced that our country is arriving at an age when it will allow us to write our *Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Regno Cynarae* without tramping the streets in our shirt sleeves and begging a drink from some Pittsburg plutocrat. We are hopeful, high-hearted, and very industrious. When we reach the ripe old age of thirty-three, we do not expect to write

> Through Life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged to three and thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—except thirty-three.

We are trying to build our work on a foundation more enduring than the desire to escape from Zenith into Gotham and the itch for print.

The era of protest, debunking, and the desire to shock the unsophisticated is growing old and well stricken in years. The age of wild experiment must reach an end. We can see very few effects, even in a superior writer like Hemingway, that could not be achieved as well if not better in grammatical English. The mannerisms protrude, sometimes to the detriment of the art. We regret to see some of our generation trying to imitate his mannerisms without achieving his power. We are gratified and encouraged to see young writers like H. W. Freeman and Graham Greene (one could list seven young English writers, off hand) arriving on the solid footing of the great tradition of English letters, set off in the bright margin of an individual genius. Like the woman's fashions for the present season, we are old fashioned but we are new. The main current of the literary stream is rather conventional, and the work of our immediate predecessors gives us no reason to suppose that it will suddenly vary its course. We are eager to blue pencil Fielding, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Walter Scott, and to cut away all the dead wood of a by-gone age; but what remains is the stuff of literature in every age. We burn candles before Thalia that she may put some of it into our work. Who we are, or will be, it would be idle to say; but we know that this is the only pathway to Parnassus.

The foregoing article was one of some eighty essays received in the contest announced three months [illegible] *says received in the contest announced three months "younger generation" toward the problems of as expressed through literature. The terms* [illegible] *contest were that its entrants be thirty or un[illegible] age. Several of the essays which competed with Mr. Hatcher's for the prize will eventually be printed in* The Saturday Review.

Apologia

(*Continued from page* 653)

it took some brisk shuttling of funds between one box-office and the other to meet all requirements at the imperative moment. I was tied to my post, for I was trouping that night, but Tom came back during the show, drew me behind a drop, and said with the true Irish in his eye "Well, we may be closing, but anyhow it's with flying colors." After it was all over he repaired to the clam brothel I have already mentioned, had half a dozen of what he needed most, and fell into a peaceful nescience; for which I honor him.

Let none take these intimacies amiss; they are of the blood and heartbeat of Show Business; as much a part of its immortal pulse as the proudest gala performance.

So can you wonder that we love her? That she takes on in our minds a meaning somewhat beyond what you may actually see in her rather dingy fabric? Over the window of that miniature box office we put up last autumn a tablet in honor of Dion Boucicault, to the effect that his play had "brought an old theatre back to life and restored a fine tradition of the stage." That tradition we have tried to carry on in the revival of The Blue and The Gray, a melodrama as American as Boucicault's was British. I hear a good deal said and argued about the Death of the Theatre. There isn't much wrong with the theatre when a forgotten old playhouse can arouse such devotion as she has had from her servants, and can give such Elizabethan hilarities to her audience. She caters Pure Fun—rarest and divinest commodity of all. It can easily be marred by the ignorant, who will never know that Fun also has its sensibilities. But for those who are capable of Fun she offers an experience.

Let no man be fool enough to try to explain too fully what or why he loves. My mistress has given me what I never knew I would have; what indeed no man ever foresaw having—several gray hairs.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

Art Education

SELF DEVELOPMENT IN DRAWING. By WALTER BECK. New York: G. P Putnam's Sons. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by PEPPINO MANGRAVITO

THE most misleading factor in art education has been the methods and principles imposed on it by people who were not artists. Art education in its recent development, in order to escape formulas, has delved too much in speculation. Its ultimate goal, naturally, is to establish a system that will be effective for the child's fundamental growth and foster latent potentialities through self development.

Such a system has recently been formulated by Mr. Walter Beck, a creative artist of no mean reputation, in "Self Development in Drawing." In this excellent book, Mr. Beck cross-examines and analyzes the Pestalozzi and Fenollosa theories in art education and proves them a fallacy.

According to Mr. Beck, Pestalozzi, who had no art education whatever, reduced the art of drawing into a "line that measures." Contrary to the altruistic motives asserted in his writings where he constantly avows the will to bring the benefits of drawing to the masses, Pestalozzi sacrificed the good he aimed to attain to his idol, general correlation; he destroyed the very genius he wished to save. Fenollosa, on the other hand, was possessed of insight into the subtly artistic to an unusual degree, but he was not a creative artist; moreover, he was an orientalist. Not satisfied with the Pestalozzi "line that measures," he gave us the "line that divides areas."

The desire of the normal art schools, continues Mr. Beck, to reconcile the theories and the principles of the leaders brought about their adoption of the view that "a picture is technically identical with pattern," which accounts for the conditions we face today.

In proving the fallacy of the above theories and the sensibility of his system, the author uses as instances, Romano Dazzi, who, through self development from infancy to his present age of twenty-two, has won international recognition for his achievements in drawing; and James, the American boy, who, like Romano possessed genius, but was inhibited by the Pestalozzi-Fenollosa method.

In the following chapters the reader is offered a fascinating document of the child's natural gifs, of how these, by self-direction, are unfolded (the teacher is always placed in the back of the child so as not to obstruct his way) from the scribble period, following his emotional reactions to thinking, when the child is ready to form the shapes of his ideas.

In the last chapter, Mr. Beck presents a plan for a system of art education "national in scope." This system begins at home, carries on to the public schools and a school of design, "with general education adapted to it"; continues to the Normal art school and ends, of all places, at the American Academy in Rome.

Because "Self Development in Drawing" is an illuminating and indispensable book to educators, teachers, and parents, does not mean that its author is not on debatable ground when he glows with enthusiasm for some of his own ideas. Premature recognition, and lack of mature experience in the art of living, are the two besetting faults overlooked in the labelling of Romano Dazzi a future Raphael. The drawings made by Romano from the age of five to ten show more creative genius than those at seventeen which tend toward a formula.

Another point, though as incidental in Mr. Beck's educational system as John Singer Sargent was in art, is the inclusion of this pyrotecnical painter as a great genius among creative artists like Raphael, Da Vinci, Dürer and others of undisputable genius. Mr. Beck's affinity for Sargent might persuade the Pestalozzis and Fenollosas but will surely make it difficult for other readers to correlate and consolidate his affinities with his sane ideas on art education.

Finally, but most debatable, is the author's advocation that the American Academy in Rome become the connecting link for the home and schools and by its leadership bring to an end all confusion in the teaching of art to children. This will sound grand to the reader who is not acquainted with the work of the American Academy in Rome, a dignified institution which, besides being limited in outlook is scornful, consequently painfully slow, in accepting any genuine art that does not conform to that of artists of the old schools.

There is not the faintest doubt that the American Academy in Rome would refuse to be the center for Mr. Beck's ideal system in art education. The only doubt rests on whether the system would be carried out as presented or twisted into a modernized reverse of the methods Mr. Beck so fervently condemns.

After all, not every talented and broad-minded student would want to complete his art studies at the American Academy in Rome, and "Self Development in Drawing" will remain, in spite of it, the most constructive exponent of art education in America.

The Apache Indians

THE TRUTH ABOUT GERONIMO. By BRITTON DAVIS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK G. APPLEGATE

MOST of what has been written in the past relating to the Apache Indians of New Mexico and Arizona has represented these Indians as being incorrigibly bloodthirsty, cruel, inhuman, and treacherous, so that the word Apache has finally come to be synonymous with treachery. Every time a fiction writer has written a story with the southwest as a background and required a particularly villainous villain without a single redeeming quality, he has picked an Apache Indian for the character.

Now comes Britton Davis with a brief for the defense of the character of these much maligned Indians. Britton Davis was a lieutenant serving in an administrative and military capacity on the San Carlos Apache Indian reservation during the first part of the eighteen eighties, when most of the Apache history was being made. Mr. Davis calls his book "The Truth about Geronimo." It is the truth not only about Geronimo but about many other important things as well, as anyone will find by reading the book, which is an account of the personal experiences of the author and all he observed and learned, while he was employed on the reservation and trying to reconcile dissatisfied Apaches to reservation life and to return those who preferred to their ancient mode of living. Wherever it is necessary, documents are quoted to sustain the credibility of the account. "The Truth about Geronimo" is much more interesting than any fiction ever written about Indians and is a book that no one who is making a study of American Indians can afford to miss.

Lieutenant Davis found the majority of the Apaches tractable, possessing likable human qualities and trying to live at peace with the white man. Blundering orders emanating from Washington caused much trouble for those in charge of these Indians, and vacillating policies on the part of the officials who were ignorant of the situation on the reservation finally caused a handful of hostile and discontented Apaches to leave the reservation and commit depredations. Blundering army officers further complicated the situation, and before the affair was over, more than five thousand soldiers were wearing themselves out attempting to capture the wily Geronimo and his little band of less than two score warriors, without a soldier once catching sight of a hostile Apache. The only thing that saved the day and the reputations of the officers in charge of the pursuit was the tenacity of the Apache Indian scouts who were set on Geronimo's trail and gave him so much trouble by never allowing him to rest that he voluntarily surrendered. With the exception of the scouts that they furnished to track down and cause Geronimo to surrender, the balance of the Apaches, which was practically all of them, remained quietly at peace on the reservation during all the trouble.

At the end of his account the author tells the story of the rather revolting piece of treachery on the part of the white officers toward the efficient and faithful Apache scouts who had been responsible for the surrender of Geronimo and his little band of hostiles. This was no less than the surrounding and disarming of the loyal scouts and the sending of them into exile along with Geronimo as though they were criminals, while these same officers who had never even caught a glimpse of the hostiles, until they voluntarily surrendered, assumed all the credit for Geronimo's capture.

Freudian Doctrine

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING. By ALFRED ADLER. New York: Greenberg. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DR. ADLER'S version of what in origin is the Freudian type of psychology has become familiar through his books and his visits to this country. His approach makes a distinctly human appeal; but by its very liberal expansion runs the danger of losing a scientific basis for diagnosis. Apart from the original emphasis on organ-inferiority and the parallel attempt for handicapped personalities to find means of expression compatible with their deficits, there is the central idea that life energies, interests, pursuits, satisfactions all center about some goal toward which the will to live reaches out with hope if not assurance. The extreme sexual emphasis is thus avoided, and even the will to power becomes secondary to the self-completion and attainment which is a continuous attitude, as applicable to small things in youthful endeavor as to the larger purposes of a career. In this constructive phase the impediments and difficulties which are treated by psychoanalysis are secondary to the maintenance of normal relations.

Hence the title: "The Science of Living." Whether it is indeed a science or a pleasant excursion into varieties of human problems under the guidance of a genial insight, remains to be determined. Such however is the goal of Individual Psychology. Its purpose is well stated in the introduction by Phillipe Mairet. Each reader will determine how far these chapters contribute to practical understanding. They take the general theme of adjustment of personality to situation. Some consider details of interpretation of dreams, of problem children, of superiority or inferiority complexes, of memories of early experience. For the rest, it is a study of attitudes and patterns and standards of living, such as have always been the favorite field of ethical counsel.

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Books of Special Interest

Boswell's Friend

DIARIES OF WILLIAM JOHNSON TEMPLE, 1780-1796. Edited with a Memoir by LEWIS BETTANY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $7.

Reviewed by FREDERICK M. POTTLE.

HE who reads Boswell's letters to Temple finds himself continually inquiring what kind of man this was who was able to gain the unfaltering lifelong devotion of one whose peculiar genius was to associate himself with Great Men. The letters seem not to give the answer. A personality of Temple emerges, but it is that of a being so stiff, so colorless, so conventional, that it seems impossible for Boswell, moving in the midst of the most brilliant society of his time, to have chosen this man for his dearest friend. But if Temple was not the kind of man he seems to have been from Boswell's letters, then we may as well despair of ever knowing him, for these diaries only confirm what the letters suggest. They are not much as journals, consisting largely of lists of names of people with whom Temple had dined or to whom he had written letters (he was an indefatigable correspondent), but there is enough about his domestic affairs, his reading, his rare excursions from home, and his never-relinquished schemes for literary fame, to enable us to test the quality of the man. One fact certainly emerges: he was, though on the surface very unlike Boswell, temperamentally very like him. Both suffered from the tyranny of an inordinate ambition which caused them to fill the record of their later years with unavailing laments for wasted time and neglected opportunity; both considered their wives unsympathetic, yet felt that the natural order of life was suspended when they were dead; both were unhappy in the places where their professions required them to be and thought all would be well if they had the advantages of London.

The great difference was that Temple completely lacked the enormous animal vitality which drove Boswell, in spite of dissipation and wasted time, to large literary achievement, and gave him frequent moments of intense happiness, which Temple (if one can trust his diaries) never enjoyed. Even Temple's trips to London disappointed him; he had hardly arrived before he wished he was at home again. He preferred books to men, and his friendships (at least after he was forty) seem to have pleased him better if they remained merely epistolary. Thus on the two occasions when he met Boswell in London after 1780 (once being entertained at his house), he was hurt by his friend's "coarse and rustic strength and spirits," and was heartily sorry he had come to town to meet him, even reflecting that it was "no recommendation to be thought to be intimate with him." Yet as soon as he was back in Cornwall, Boswell was again his "dear friend," and a pathetic note in the diary five months after Boswell's death shows that Boswell was not merely his dear friend, but his dearest: "now my dear B. is taken from me, there is nobody I love so well as Nicholls."

These diaries are still in the possession of Temple's descendants, being now owned by a granddaughter of his daughter Nancy (a horrid girl if there ever was one), who married the Rev. Charles Powlett, grandson of the third Duke of Bolton by Lavinia Fenton, the first Polly Peachum. It was Charles Powlett who carried Boswell's letters to Temple off to France and sold them as waste paper. In preparing a former work, "Edward Jerningham and his Friends," Mr. Bettany learned more about Temple than any one else knew, and has used his knowledge to good advantage in this book, though, as it seems to me, with undue modesty. I should have welcomed a good many more notes. He has contributed a lively memoir of Temple, and at the beginning of each diary has added biographical notices of some of the more obscure persons mentioned. There is almost no other annotation (though the text is often very obscure), and the book lacks an index.

Apropos of the recent holiday book season a London bookseller has stated that "from a bookseller's point of view this has been one of the most interesting Christmasses he had ever had, for the stocks had moved with some evenness instead of a tremendous run on a few books at the expense of general sales. It seemed to indicate a transitional stage in authors. Next year it might be quite different, but whatever happened he expected that the new Bennett and the new Tomlinson would be two of the features."

Adventurers All

THE ANCIENT EXPLORERS. By M. CARY and E. H. WARMINGTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $4.

THE wanderlust is in us all, from the childish urge to try the neighbor's cellar door to our national Byrd man coursing over the hitherto unseen ice-bound mountains of the Antarctic. But Messrs. Cary and Warmington make it perfectly clear that throughout the period of early exploration of the old world it was almost universally the hope of gain rather than zest for scientific knowledge that lured the ancients into remote and untrodden regions. An astonishing exception was Nero, who sent a party in search of the elusive sources of the Nile.

The authors have achieved remarkable success in making what is primarily a scientific treatise for the most part readable, and often fascinating. Not that it always reads easily. There are stretches as arid as can be found in "Das Rheingold," or even in "Siegfried." Sometimes the mass of information crowded into a single sentence, and that, too, wielding names staggering to the average citizen, wilts the reader's power of concentration. Again the swing of the narrative rushes into careless rhetoric, as when it is gravely stated that an East Indian, "named Sophon, has left a record of a trip in a temple at Redesiya!" But who would be so hard-hearted as to deny an author momentary relaxation from the seriousness of his undertaking so that he might hazard a sententious remark like this of Mr. Warmington? He is speaking of the effort of the Emperor Tiberius to check the outflow of gold for luxurious feminine apparel: "nothing on this earth can prevent a woman from wearing what she pleases of any material at any price, or regulate the number of pearls she may hang round her neck."

The order of treatment is, the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the Atlantic, Indian waters, the circumnavigation of Africa, Europe, Asia, Africa, results of ancient explorations, imaginary discoveries. The fifteen maps are a valuable aid in following the story, the map of Alexander's travels being particularly impressive. Not only are the authors, as professional geographers, well acquainted with the authorities to whom they refer in forty pages of closely printed notes, but they also exhibit excellent powers of discrimination between actual achievement and the narratives of monstrously clever forerunners of Daniel Defoe. As a reference book the work is invaluable, and its usefulness is immensely enhanced by a copious index of some twenty pages.

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It is a long jump from Snefru's sailors (3200 B. C.) and the days when Asia Minor could be described as a "cluster of Islands" to the arrival of Christian missionaries in Peking via Kashgar. History has been unkind to the memory of the great Pytheas who about 300 B. C. coasted courageously up and down the Atlantic as many knots as Columbus made in his later crossings, and no national holidays are named for Scylax or Nearchus. But their works do live after them. It sounds odd to be told of a cargo of "music boys and girls" from Mediterranean countries intended for the harems of the far east. But it is distinctly modern to be told that "a traffic policeman in the shape of Hera drops from the skies," "and signals a turn to the left" for the wandering Argonauts in the Rhone valley. Nobody can read this book without being deeply impressed with the part played by the Greeks in discovering the world for us nor doubt that Alexander, Eudoxus, Euthydemus, Megasthenes, and their successors, furnish the clue to some of the contacts between occidental and oriental literature, architecture, and art. "Traders too and artists, cultured men of all kinds and even harlots, played their part in obtaining knowledge." If the more scientific part of the book irks any reader, let him turn for *divertissement* to the Munchausen-like tales of the last chapter, and note the literary traditions of these early writers as revealed in Swift, Rabelais, Jules Verne, and Cyrano de Bergerac.

Lord Gladstone and his brother have presented to the British Museum a selection of their father's papers. The gift may be taken, perhaps, as a celebration of the anniversary of Gladstone's birth, which fell recently. The letters and papers, which will now be available for the use of historical students, are, as every reader of Morley's "Life" has learned, of extraordinary interest and variety.

FALSE SPRING

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Author of *Youth Rides Out*

"Should a girl reveal her youthful indiscretions?" This is a problem that many women must meet and which beautiful Virginia Brodie had to face several times in her life. Never before has Mrs. Seymour shown a keener insight into the strange workings of the feminine mind than in this absorbing story of youthful love. $2.50

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Magic *all one's own*

By JOHN COWPER POWYS

THIS indeed is a magical trick of a cultured mind, to push real life back, so to speak, a few removes; and to allow the imagination and even the fancy to play with it to a desperate tune. . . . For the individual who depends for his happiness purely upon the motions of his own mind has become independent of his material surroundings.

"He can live in the most crowded city and yet solace himself with the night and the day, with the look of clouds and the feel of air and rain, with the dark-blue light that comes on clear evenings and stretches itself, like the great concave transparent wing of some titanic archangel, over the lighted city-roofs, with the patches of grass and with the smell of the salt sea or a solitary sea-gull's passage over the highest tower, and above all with his called-up images of country days, vaguely remembered in his blood and bones.

"And such an individual man or woman, carrying to a comfortless job through clanging streets the cheapest of old school-editions of some immortal book, can mount the stairs of this secret psychic watch-tower and think the whole ant-heap into invisibility."

UNHAPPILY, space does not permit quoting at greater length the thoughts on culture and its place in life, expressed with such curious beauty by John Cowper Powys in his new book, THE MEANING OF CULTURE. The growing popularity of this book, with its cool refreshing draughts for our fevered modern souls is easy to understand. "I took an almost sinful pleasure in every page," writes the author of *The Story of Philosophy*, Will Durant. THE MEANING OF CULTURE is one of those very rare books that becomes a friend for life. Do not longer deny yourself the delights to be found in its pages. It is on sale at all bookstores (price $3.00) or from the publishers, W. W. NORTON & CO., INC., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A social history of VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA
•
THE BATTLEGROUND
•
THE DELIVERANCE
•
THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY

James Branch Cabell calls Ellen Glasgow America's greatest woman novelist. Her latest novel, *They Stooped to Folly*, was one of the outstanding successes of 1929. *Virginia*, that tragic comedy of manners of the Old Dominion, *The Battleground* and *The Deliverance*, those tremendous stories of the Civil War and the Reconstruction, and *They Stooped to Folly* comprise a brilliant, deep-cutting social history of Virginia. These older novels have sometimes been unobtainable. Now they have all been personally revised by Miss Glasgow, with new prefaces for each book, and newly printed in a distinguished special edition. $3.00 each, or $12.00 for the complete set, *boxed*.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES — DOUBLEDAY DORAN

Some Dutch Women Novelists

By HENRIETTA HENDRIX-HOLST

LITERATURE throughout the ages has been the mirror of life. Literature influences modern life as much as modern life influences literature. And therefore the books of a foreign country reveal the psychology of its people better than a trip or even a prolonged stay in that country would.

As so many of the latest books from Holland deal with the problems of sex, failure in marriage, divorce, experiments in free love, one may conclude that also in Holland the question has risen whether the existing marriage laws are adequate, whether man—and woman—are really the monogamistic animals they are supposed to be.

Mrs. van Ammers-Küller gives in her latest novel, "Tantalus," the story of a married couple, supposed to be happy, with three children. Although the wife is beautiful, fine, faithful, the husband is not satisfied. Like Tantalus he is longing to quench his thirst, always finding that the water recedes and that the grapes are out of reach. But suddenly he has some grapes forced into his mouth, and he swallows them—a young woman luring him away from his wife. The man, forty and greyish, makes a fool of himself and—except for the physical satisfaction—is sorely disappointed.

It is a novel of merit, especially because the sorrow and despair of the wife are so well described, without exaggeration, more as an outcome of modern conceptions than of an exceptional event. But it is less important a work than her delightful "The House of Joy," and her masterpiece, "The Rebel Generation." As in her other books she gives a picture of life, misery caused by existing faculties, but no remedy or solution.

The divorce question is also the subject of "Daughters" (Amsterdam: Maatschappy voor Goede en Goedkoope Lectuur), by Carla van Lidth de Jeude, who, like Edith Wharton, stresses the disastrous results for children, when their parents egotistically follow their own inclinations, separate, and unite according to their latest desires, without thinking of consequences and obligations. But whereas Edith Wharton's story is an impossible, exaggerated account with an undercurrent of pathetic truth, "Daughters" is serious and realistic, and the author gives a solution.

The daughters of the divorced couple in this story are separated: one remains with the father and has absolute freedom to educate herself as she likes; the other stays with the mother—and grandmother—and leads more of a family life. The mother however devotes all her time to philantropic and sociologic affairs, so that the daughter is left much to herself. All these women are free and independent, but not one of them finds happiness. The grandmother watches them all and meditates about the new traits in the later generations, the quicker tempo, the freedom, the advanced ideas, and yet . . . she finds that all things remain unchanged intrinsically.

One daughter marries, has children, discovers that her husband flirts with a young girl, and decides to leave him. The other daughter falls in love with a married man, twenty years older than herself and a father, who is ready to divorce his wife for her sake. The same complications ensue, and again two sets of children are about to be driven from home. But then suddenly comes the turning-point, when one of the daughters realizes what is happening. The two sisters go abroad and in the pure mountain air they talk things over. And they come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as sacrifice on behalf of the younger generation. The one goes back to her husband, trying to forgive and win back his love, the other renounces her lover.

Is this solution always the right one? Who can tell? It may in many cases be more beneficial to the younger generation to be homeless than to grow up in an atmosphere of hatred or nagging. If we could always know what is right and what is wrong, life would not be so complicated! But what is right in one century, or in one country, or for one person, seems to be wrong at another period, in another climate, and for another individual. How can we ever find our way and be cocksure about right and wrong as the minister in church on Sunday morning? It seems pitiful but at the same time intensely human to be always groping in the dark.

Carry van Bruggen gives in "Eve" (Maatschappy voor Goedkoope) the story of a woman experiencing all that can happen in life and yet remaining always puzzled. Eve does not understand life; as a girl she feels that she is different from other girls, yet she fears to be conspicuous. She loves beauty, she loves her family, especially her twin brother, with whom she can speak about the abstract, but she lives in a dream-world of her own with a great fear of the mysteries of the grown-ups, and when it comes to flirtations and sexual awakening, she is more puzzled than ever. She does not want to listen when a boy whistles for her in the evening, and yet she has to go out and meet him. When he kisses her in a small dark garden, she is suddenly filled with ecstasy. But when he touches her brutally, she escapes. Now she understands what girls go to dark gardens for. Is it right, is it wrong? She peruses books in feverish haste, trying to find out what the other side of love means. And she is answered by Frederik van Eeden (one of Holland's greatest writers of prose and poetry), who writes:

> Only Love in supreme ecstasy, stronger than all other things of the soul, makes physical passion beautiful. Without the ecstasy all physical lust is sordid, contemptible, immoral, adultery.

She goes through life never forgetting this, she marries, has children, feels herself more a mother than a wife. And when her husband tells her that he loves another woman, they part as friends; she is perfectly satisfied having her children.

Again she does not know her place in life. She is ranked among the "respectable middle-aged ladies," but she feels neither respectable, nor middle-aged, nor a lady, and then—suddenly—believing that she, with her two grown-up children, had finished with all nonsense, she finds herself genuinely in love for the first and only time. Only now she discovers that in love there is no place for fear or shame, only now she realizes that Frederick van Eeden gave her a wrong theory.

A remarkable book entirely different from her former novels and philosophic works, "Eve" is written in a spasmodic style-less prose, yet is intensely vibrant and eloquent. It is splendid analysis of a woman's soul, almost an autobiography, admirable because of its sincerity. Those who remember Carry van Bruggen as a girl, a pioneer-girl of a new century, wearing bobbed hair and going hatless long before these became fashionable, those who have visited her in her unconventional country home and watched her delightful intimacy with her son and daughter, those who have met her later with the congenial friend, can without difficulty trace her identity with "Eve."

A book with an entirely different subject is "The Isle of Oblivion" (Maatschappy voor Goede), by Mathilde A. van Balen. This was the prize novel in a competition, chosen from two hundred manuscripts, sent in anonymously. But the young author died before she knew of her success.

It is a post-war novel and undoubtedly inspired by all the misery the writer witnessed around her during the last decade. She tells of a physician who traveled much and on one of his trips to British India obtained from a certain tribe a secret medicine that had the power to make one lose his memory. The altruistic doctor intends to use it for those unhappy beings who have lost their mental balance through some suffering they cannot forget. He succeeds in bringing together a number of such miserable individuals, whose stories we hear, and they offer themselves to the doctor to be experimented upon. They travel to an island somewhere off the Irish coast, and when the time has come, they all drink a dose of "letheine." It works; their troubles are forgotten, they no longer remember the past. They work together and one would believe them to live happily ever after, but—they begin to wonder, they are anxious to know where they came from, they realize that they have been drugged. And deciding that certainty, however dreadful, must be better than ignorance and groping in the dark, they compel the doctor to give them an antidote, which fortunately he had brought with him, and thus the conflict ends.

The idea is certainly original, but style and treatment are exceptionally dry and inartistic. Also one is inclined to ask, why the drug makes the patients only forget certain things and not entirely lose their memory. The impossibility is too obvious. It requires authors with genius like Jules Verne, Rider Haggard, or H. G. Wells to describe the wildest fantasies and make them plausible.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

THE SON OF PERDITION. By James Gould Cozzens. Morrow. 1929. $2.50.

In 1928 Mr. Cozzens's first novel, "Cock Pit," presented an odd, compelling talent and illuminated almost grotesquely a little known corner of the earth. This year "The Son of Perdition" carries on in the manner and with the subject matter of the earlier novel, and we are inclined to believe that Mr. Cozzens has staked out a rich literary claim. Apparently his dominating passion is the spectacle of Cuba under the not always benevolent despotism of the sugar interests; his narrative, though tortuous and inclined towards obscurity, rewards the sympathetic reader. He convinces us, as we go along, that he is a very wise, a very acute fellow, by choice a spectator and commentator, content to sit before what is to him the absorbing melodrama of men's actions and motives. He allows neither propaganda nor thesis to intrude upon his story, and he manages to convince us that whatever material he uses will be both unusual and piquant. Altogether, the two novels have a most disarming, plausible air of detachment and authority.

"The Son of Perdition" has for its setting the port of Dosfuegos, on the Caribbean coast east of Trinidad de Cuba, sea terminal of the United Sugar Company's railroads. A witch is poisoned by a goat-seller and speeded to the next world by the U. S. C. resident doctor; Pepe Rijo, the local factotum, believes that he has drunk aguardiente with the Devil in a café; the Monaga family, peasant but proudly thoroughbred, in a few short days commits a bewildering variety of major crimes; Joel Stellow, Administrator general of the U. S. C., adjusts matters of life and death with a casual accuracy that we could hardly expect of God Himself; and lastly, the central figure and the unifying motive in this melodramatic pattern of narrative, is Oliver Findley, a derelict white man, the perfect example of a "decent" chap gone completely to hell. These characters and events are harsh, jarring; constantly bruising each other, constantly assaulting each other with lurid violence. The atmosphere is that of a nightmare, and Mr. Cozzens makes it even more bizarre by his indirectness, vagueness, and subtle allusiveness. A novel that in other hands would probably have been a succession of positive black and white situations is here a marvel of effective indistinctness. Once having decided that Mr. Cozzens is worth reading, we do not rebel at his mannerisms. "The Son of Perdition" tells a story that is made to seem of extraordinary importance; its method is therefore justified.

BY SOOCHOW WATERS. By Louise Jordan Miln. Stokes. 1929. $2.

Louise Jordan Miln has written many books about China, including the well-known "Mr. Wu," and she invariably makes it a place largely given over to romance. "By Soochow Waters" is not unlike its predecessors in this. A young English girl appears in Soochow and becomes the guest of two very unusual women—two women who are far from willing to be her hostesses. One is the white widow of a Chinaman, who lives so retired a life that no one is quite sure whether she was ostracised by society or had ostracised society. The other is an English author who lives strictly incognito and seldom leaves her own grounds. But there is a young Chinese nobleman who shows the city of Soochow to the English girl. That is one motive of the book—to display in detail this Chinese city built beautifully about waterways, filled with strange things, and guarding its secrets from the casual visitor. The other motive springs from Mrs. Miln's interest in the subject of Anglo-Chinese marriage. She is as thorough in this as she is in descriptions of the town. But the story manages to hold its romantic own, even though it goes down to defeat in the matter of happy endings.

SENSE AND SENSUALITY. By Sarah Salt. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

There is a determination in both the sparkle and the sophistication of this Sarah Salt who writes "Sense and Sensuality." The characters are as conscientious about their epigrams and their dissipations as Victorian ones were about their manners and their morals. The author has a steady hand at the vivisecting of her men and women, there is a nice precision in the bloodless way she skins them for observation, but they are all so much alike that one skinned is all skinned.

Modern marriage is the theme of this second novel by Sarah Salt, but it is modern marriage as already well known to fiction readers. A wife, finding her husband unfaithful, can orient her life only by taking a lover. Scenes are sketched in vividly, the conversations are often as keen as they are amusing, the whole book has an urgency of emotion, and yet the people about whom everything revolves are not really lost souls at all but just souls that Miss Salt has made up and hidden away on purpose.

The constant ease and dexterity of Miss Salt's writing with its more than occasional brilliance only adds to the sense of waste at her concern with such tricky characters. There is more likeness to Jane Austen in the author of "Sense and Sensuality" than the crude paraphrase of the title suggests, but the plain day-by-day reality that underlies "Sense and Sensibility" is lacking in its modern analogue.

STARVED FIELDS. By Elizabeth Inglis Jones. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.50.

Miss Jones writes of her native Wales, of the sturdy peasantry that have for immemorial generations lived on the harsh, damp slopes of Cardiganshire. The conflict which is the backbone of the novel results from the marriage of a prosperous Welsh rustic and a girl from an urban, civilized part of England. The English girl no sooner sees her husband's homestead and his friends than she tries to make them over according to her own notions of propriety and charm. Naturally there is immediate difficulty: the man grows brutal, drinks to excess, and finally seeks comfort with a spirited young girl of the neighborhood whom he had jilted to marry his English wife. This Welsh girl, Gaynor, is represented as all that is good and noble, and is obviously Miss Jones's ideal of womanhood. The end of the novel is awkward, relying upon a convenient death and upon a stagey emphasis for its effectiveness.

The novel as a whole is not so gloomy and austere as its title suggests. Rather, it is a pæan for the simple life, the simple people of Wales, as against the more cultivated way of life of the English provinces or the city. The real merit of the novel lies in its descriptions of Cardiganshire, and in its portraits of the lower middle class and peasantry of central Wales. For an absorbing narrative we must look elsewhere, for Miss Jones is not yet skilful enough to hold our attention for three hundred pages or to develop character over the long length of a novel.

WHITE NARCISSUS. By Raymond Knister. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

Raymond Knister has written a novel of striking contrasts. The book is difficult to judge, because as a whole it is unsuccessful in what is attempted, but in parts it attains to an inexplicable intensity that is seldom found in the casual novels of our time. The question seems to be whether Mr. Knister can perfect the mechanics of expression without in so doing losing his present strange power in presenting the intangible. If he succeeds we can expect novels of permanent importance from him; if he does not, his work will remain experimental, as "White Narcissus" is, full of extremes both good and bad, but never touched with mediocrity.

The story of "White Narcissus" matters not at all. A young girl is kept from fulness of life by an unnatural situation in her home. Her father and mother have not spoken for years, and each drains from the daughter, through the days and the nights of her bondage, the vitality and hope that alone could make existence more than a heavy sentence upon her. A lover comes—returns rather, for their mutual knowledge runs far back—and tries to arouse the girl to some action, to some life. Everything seems hopeless. What the lover gains one night he loses the next day. Eventually, and this is, unfortunately, external and unconvincing, the girl's release comes through the reconciliation of the parents.

But while the struggle goes on, an ominous sense of doom hangs over the book. The heavy, enervating scent of the white narcissus, that has become an engulfing obsession with the mother, spreads through the pages like some unknown drug that renders the characters powerless toward the simplicities of daily life, but threatening in their potentialities for evil and tragedy. The tremendous feeling of coming disaster survives all the set-backs of both under-writing and over-writing. Nothing, however, can obscure the fact that the end falls disappointingly below the promise of its dramatic preparation.

MARRIED MONEY. By Harford Powell, Jr. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

It is interesting, but of course unprofitable, to speculate as to what use a keen observer of present-day society in Boston and New York would have made of the raw material in this novel. In the hands of Edith Wharton or Ellen Glasgow it would have been shaped into a delightful, penetrating study of manners. Mr. Powell has not attempted to plumb the depths of his characters; he has been content to present their glittering surfaces. Wee Legg, heiress to millions, marries Jerry McCoy, a Harvard graduate now selling bonds in Boston. Instead of putting a barrier in their way, as he had intended, Lee's niggardly uncle, who is also her guardian, opens the way for an orgy of spending. The McCoys leave staid old Boston for New York, gather about them a group of dissipated nightclub frequenters, and proceed to spend a million dollars. As we should expect, Mr. Powell writes well. And if one wishes he had chosen to write about more significant people, the most grudging critic must admit he has succeeded admirably in what he set out to do: he has written a glamorous story without a dull page in it.

Juvenile

THE STORY OF MARKETS. By Ruth Orton Camp. Harpers. 1929. $1.25.

This book takes us not only under the gay umbrella sheltering a harmony of fruits and flowers, but to the historic markets of England, the unpicturesque but interesting old landmarks in our own country, and the jungle trade centers where physical strength sometimes plays a more active part in the bargain than persuasion. It is a small book (illustrated) and holds considerable information about methods of marketing, which would be of value as a supplement to the school geography.

(*Continued on next page*)

SIR FRANCIS
BACON
The First Modern Mind
by
BYRON STEEL
author of O RARE BEN JONSON

Pope called him the "noblest, wisest, meanest of mankind." His life was a medley of contradictions, his character an anomaly. He was a sage and a sycophant, a legal genius and a bribe taker, a treacherous friend and cringing enemy. He boasted that he took all knowledge for his province—and made good the boast! He trimmed his sails to every favoring wind and for his vast ambition prosecuted Essex, his friend and patron. He died, despised by his generation and in his own view a failure, an elect of the immortals. The author of *O Rare Ben Jonson* has at last done justice to this paradoxical figure who flashed like a meteor through the Elizabethan heavens and consumed himself to give light to his fellow man.

$2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

If you are interested in American literature, in American social or intellectual history, you will want to read

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THERE WERE GIANTS. By K. ADAMS and F. E. ATCHINSON. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

The giant in the "Hero Twins" who amiably reveals the secret of his strength "with the lack of suspicion of all giants" is no less simple than most of his fellows in Kathleen Adams and Frances Elizabeth Atchinson's entertaining collection "There Were Giants." A few, it is true, cost the hero some nervousness before he escapes with the lady and the treasure; most of them, however, if not actually helpful like Derido are at least easily impressed by a youth with ordinary presence of mind or a bow and arrow. With the possible exception of the rather savage extract from the "Ramayana," there is nothing to give your children nightmares and much to entertain them.

One cause of mirth perhaps less striking to a child than to an adult is the cheerful incongruity of Lois Lenski's illustrations. But any child would be entertained by the stupidity of the giants and their quaint habits of eating crackers by the barrel and whales by the dozen.

The editors have brought together fourteen tales varying in origin from Palmer Cox to Rabelais; most of them, however, seem to be in the conspiracy to shield the reader from the harsh unrealities of fairy life. Even Hercules in this version has something of Penrod about him. Still with us nonetheless are the familiar sure-fire folk-tale properties:—the hero who outwits the ogre, the maiden who helps him, the enchanted bullets they throw over their shoulders, the magic walnuts, and Melons of Life. The result is a volume that may hope to compete in popularity with the comic strip as comedy for the young.

THE MARCHES DISAPPEAR. By VERA G. DWYER. McBride. 1929. $2.

A rather preposterous and impossible plot even in these days of easy travel and travel conventions is that of this story of two Australian girls of sixteen and twenty, who, piqued by the unexpected marriage and honeymoon trip of an older brother whom they have come to live with in Ceylon, decide upon a voluntary disappearance during the time of his absence, disguising themselves as a mother and her daughter. What might have been an interesting, even if implausible, tale becomes only a rather silly story with an even sillier ending in a love affair. Possibly there are girls to whom this will appeal, but if so, it is those who are over fond of hammocks and boxes of chocolate creams.

STAMPS: An Outline of Philately. By KENT B. STILES. Harpers. 1929. $3.

To the stamp collector of America there comes a particular gratification for the present attitude of the general press toward his chosen hobby. Books on stamp collecting are in great number and profusion in "the old country," but until recently such literature has been frowned on by American publishers. The reason for this aversion is not hard to find. Your American stamp collector, true to Yankee tradition, has in the past steadfastly refused to spend money for books on a subject which he feels he knows all about; it is enough for him to collect stamps.

Recent years however have seen the already "query harassed" parent being plied still further with an entirely new set of questions. How are stamps made? What is a watermark? What is moiré paper? What is pelure paper? What are approval sheets? And a thousand other "whats" and "whys" about stamps, the general unexpectedness of which only a child could propound. This rising wave of curiosity concerning the greatest of all hobbies has created a demand for books that will stem the tide with knowledge.

The last few years have seen several books along these lines successfully published, but none of them has so completely filled the gap as has Mr. Stiles's work on the subject. An ardent stamp "fan" himself, Mr. Stiles has had ample experience with the complexity of questions to be answered. For the past fifteen years he has been answering those questions in the stamp columns of the *Youth's Companion* and the *American Boy*. That he understands correctly the kind of book which is needed is attested to by the author's own words. "I am hopeful," says he, "that what I have written will be of genuine value not alone to the many Billys and Dorothys and their chums but to the thousands of parents who may be distracted because admittedly they know little or nothing of what is perhaps the most delightful

(*Continued on next page*)

H. M. TOMLINSON'S

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 77. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "character" sonnet in the manner of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 27.)

Competition No. 78. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Niagara Revisited." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 11).

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD COMPETITION

The prize for the best sonnet called Vanity Fair has been equally divided among the three entries printed below. Thus Helen Gray will receive ten and Eleanor Glenn Wallis five dollars.

THE WINNING SONNETS

VANITY FAIR

I—By Helen Gray

Good sad old Dobbin; Becky, beryl-eyed,
Supple and subtle as a gliding snake;
Poor Emmy, silly-sweet, who for the sake
Of the false lover long the true denied;
Big Rawdon, twirling his mustachios dyed,—
Dupe roused at last Delilah's bonds to break;
Pitt stiffly starched; fat Jos, with fears aquake.
Old Osborne tragic in his vulgar pride.

Long since the Showman, master of his art,
Put back these puppets in their box and yet
When many a bright best-seller, minted new,
No more is current, men shall not forget
George lying on the field of Waterloo,
Face down, the bullet through his foolish heart.

II—By Elinor Glenn Wallis

In this old town a certain faithful thrust his
Convictions on the crowd and duly learned
A thing or two about its courts of justice
And mounted on his faggot and was burned.
Salome danced within its halls, and Croesus
Lived softly and amassed a deal of pelf;
But Judas flung down bloody silver pieces
And bought a rope and went and hanged himself.
Though Jesus was acclaimed within its precincts,
And for an hour His triumph was complete,
Its throngs reverted to more normal instincts
And drove the nails that pierced His hands and feet.
Still there is not a doubt—no, not a vestige—
But that the place retains its ancient prestige.

III—By Helen Gray

Said Legion *to* Apollyon *one dull day,*
"Our fair is getting slow. It might be wise
To speed things up; it pays to advertise."
His fellow nodded. So they found a way
To flash electric signs in colors gay,
And blazon their vain products on the skies
With scribbling aeroplanes, and spread their lies
By the loud-speaker's harsh relentless bray.

And thus they snared, with such new fangled bait,
Full many a Pilgrim, lured to hang about
Their booths, and chaffer with their chattering rout;
Natheless one sometimes fled, forcing the bars,
Scaping the sentries, slipping through the gate,
To walk the safe road, looking to the stars.

These were the best of a rather indifferent batch; but I hesitated a long time over Claudius Jones's tender lines on Bunyan as well as Mary Waterman's entry, both of which I hope to print later. Other outstanding entries were by Clinton Scollard, Agnes Kendrick Gray, Frances H. Gaines, Homer Parsons, and Sidney Withington. Elizabeth Luce, in a single image—

Some years ago he saw, shown at a fair,
Two roses frozen in a block of ice
Shut out from all their world of warmth and air
And from each other by that harsh device. . . .

came nearest to the kind of poem for which I had hoped; but the sonnet in which this was embedded did not rise to the originality of the idea. Bert Leach was one of the few who looked on the Fair approvingly—

Show me a girl's red lips, and let me reach her;
Preacher, aside: let me engender woe.
Experience teaches, and we love our teacher;
We'll flunk the course, and a-repeating go.

Alfred Fleming, Heloise B. Hawkins, E. Murray, Charles Foth, and Helen Vernia all deserve mention: and W. Gaffney's one conventional sonnet was happily good enough to compensate common sense and craftsmanship for his nonsensical attempts at "Sonnets in Free Verse."

* *

A mistake on the part of the Post Office was to blame for the too-late receipt of a few entries in a recent competition. Claudius Jones was the only competitor who suffered. His "Old King Cole as Gibbon might have written it" would at least have shared the prize had it reached me in time. Part of his entry follows—

Neither the industry of Strabo nor the curiosity of Pliny have defined the boundaries or enumerated the resources of the realms of King Cole. The soothing influence of tobacco, the cheerful enticements of the vine, and the innocent pleasures of music occupied the leisure and enlivened the entertainment of that genial potentate, whom age and luxury confined to the palace and seraglio[1] while his provinces were administered by the acumen of his satraps and defended by the valor of his generals. In contrast to the magnificence of Byzantium and Susa, a patriarchal simplicity governed the ceremonial of his court. With his own voice, the monarch summoned the ministers of his amusement, among whom a trio of virtuosi performed upon instruments in which, though popularily described as fiddles, a discriminating historian will suspect a closer resemblance to the zither or lute. The contemporary narrative of this incident illustrates the character of the inhabitants of those sequestered regions. The epithet soul which by appropriate metonymy is used to designate the person of the ruler indicates at once a laudable familiarity with metaphysical speculation and a pusillanimous tendency toward ecclesiastical superstition[2]. . . .

[1] I am led to this conclusion by the universal practice of oriental despots. Can we believe a king renowned for his merriment to have been indifferent to feminine blandishments.

[2] We cannot but lament this gratuitous sneer. M(ilman)

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

Two girls in college, says B. W., New York City, correspond a good deal with friends and have asked him for books that will help them in expressing themselves as well as in constructing their letters. A "Letter-writer" is not desired. "Good love-letters are usually good," says he, "but exchanges between real good friends would probably be better."

"THE LOST ART" (Coward-McCann) is edited by Dorothy Van Doren from the letters of six famous women, happy and unhappy—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Abigail Adams, Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Austen, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, and Charlotte Brontë. These letters have apparently been chosen for their power to put the writer vividly before the reader by means that seem of the most artless simplicity but prove upon closer examination to involve a high degree of literary skill. Reading such letters is one of the most freeing of exercises for a young writer's hitching pen. Reading Jane Austen's bubbling inconsequences will not make you write like Jane Austen, but it may—supposing you write a letter of your own directly after—release such of your inhibitions as keep you from bubbling when you want to. If you have news of great and grave import that must be broken, gently or otherwise, by letter, I know of no better impetus toward saying it out with noble straightforwardness than that contained in Margaret Fuller's letter to her mother telling her that she had been long married and for some time a mother. If you want to amuse a convalescent friend, write to him about your neighbors after reading the letters of Mrs. Carlyle.

Now if love-letters were in question, I would tell you that the world's prize offering in this *genre*, "The Love Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse" have been announced for publication by the Dial Press, in their Bourbon Classics series, translation by E. H. F. Mills, the editor being Richard Aldington. I wouldn't send them, however, to the two little girls from school; I trust they may never have use for the tragic technique here displayed. Since the publication of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" no English-speaking reader can be unaware that the luckless Julie's patroness was Mme. du Deffand, who this year rises again upon an American public in Anna de Koven's "Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand: an Eighteenth Century Friendship" (Appleton). This is a great book for anyone inclined to give up and let go for reasons of age or infirmity. When she was seventy years old and blind, holding court in a salon hung by her orders with gold moiré and fire-colored ribbons, Horace Walpole, then fifty, knelt at her feet that her delicate hands might "see" his face; it was the beginning of a long friendship, a "long misunderstanding," that only her death could break. He seems to have spent a good part of his letter-writing time in firmly stepping on the expression of her feelings, and she in trying to explain to the poor islander how she really meant it. It is a solemn thought that even at eighty and stoneblind, a Lady cannot permit herself to be herself in the society of a gentleman.

Unless, of course, the gentleman were the Earl of Beaconsfield, who in "Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford" (Appleton) proves it possible at seventy to fall, no, to pirouette into love with two ladies at once, one fifty-five and the other seventy. Fortunately neither married him, for they thus went on receiving his charming letters to the benefit of posterity. Some day I suppose someone will ask me—for in time they ask me everything—for documentation on love-letters of the elderly: I will head the list with this book and follow with my pet and joy, "The Goodman of Paris" (Harcourt, Brace) in which an aged, anonymous burgher of 1393, through diary-letters to his young wife, shows her how to behave in such manner as to do him credit with his successor. I have spoken of this book before; it has a charm all its own that has kept it sweet since the fourteenth century.

And now, just as this paragraph is going to press, appears one of the most charming collections in years: "Private Letters: Pagan and Christian," selected by Dorothy Brooke (Dutton). This volume is proof that extremely live matter may be contained in dead languages. Here is Marcus Aurelius with a cold in his head, Crates the Cynic giving good advice on bringing up a baby, Cicero's report on how he showed Cæsar a good time, and other evidences of human traits among the classics. The more of these books the better for the classics.

H. P. C., Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, must know how to pronounce Alekine and Bogoljubow. "Don't go into a conniption," says he, "but you won't, if you play chess. These two Russians have finished a championship match and the boys of the chess club insist on 'knowing how to call them.'"

THE tradition of this department is cheerfully to claim all knowledge here imparted as sprung from the head of its director. It keeps things straight and saves space. But as there would be no hope of my convincing the readers of this Guide that I was an authority on the pronunciation of either Russian or Gaelic, I preface this reply with the statement that I received it from Avrahm Yarmolinsky, poet, critic, man of letters, and chief of the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library:

As far as I know there exists no printed guide to the pronunciation of Russian proper names. Every grammar contains some phonetic rules, and there is a special manual of Russian phonetics by M. V. Trofimov ("The pronunciation of Russian," Cambridge University Press, 1923), but this is too complicated to help your client. The Library of Congress has printed a set of rules of transliteration from the Russian, and I have devised a similar table of transliteration (printed in the Library's Style Manual, 3 ed., 1927). But these tables are not concerned directly with pronunciation. The matter is more difficult than may be imagined for the reason that the pronunciation of certain Russian proper names, particularly those containing an accented *e*, is uncertain. Thus Alekine, which I believe should properly be spelled Alekhin—may be pronounced either A-le-khin,—that is A as *a* in father, *l* soft as the French *l*, *e* as in bed, *kh* as *ch* in loch, *i* as *i* in machine, *n* as the English *n*. Or else it may well be that Mr. Alekhin pronounces his name with *e* as *yo* pronounced *yaw* in yawn, only shorter. In either case the tonic accent is on *e*.

As for Bogolyubov (rather than Bogoljubow) that is simpler. The standard Moscow pronunciation of this word is: *B* as in English, *o* as *a* in father only of short duration, *g* as *g* in get; *o* as the first *o*, *ly* soft as the French *l*, *u* as *oo* in moor, *b* as in English, *o* approximately as *aw* in law only much shorter, *v* as *f*. The accent is on *u*.

My correspondent further asks why we spell Russian words with German consonants. I don't know, but then I question whether anyone knows the secrets of transliteration. For one instance that peerless source of information, the A. L. A. Catalogue, complicates finding the name of Mr. Yarmolinsky by spelling it IAmolinskii, with a fishhook connecting the tops of the first two letters.

I SOMETIMES ask myself why I wear out so much typewriter ribbon on this column when its readers, given the chance, would rapidly fill it for me—and so admirably—with no more effort on my part than a lick of paste. See what has been knocking on the inside of my desk-folder, impatient to get into print:

The sixth line of the poem for which *A. L. P., Big Moose, N. Y.*, was looking, to add to the five he has, has turned up. Terence Holliday of the Holliday Bookshop says it is the end-line of Anna Wickham's "Sehnsucht": "God save us all from death when we are fed." I think I will put this line on my new library wall, along with the one about turning one's rudder hetherward awhile. It might seem invidious to put it up in the dining-room. *R. M. H., Brooklyn*, came belatedly upon the call of *H. H. C.* for a book useful in cataloguing a small home library, and tells me that the ideal work for the purpose is "The Personal Library," by Hazlehurst Greaves, published by Grafton, Coptic House, London W. C. 1. This describes cataloguing, card indexing, the formation of a clipping-file, and the making of a "commonplace book." This is a work for which I myself shall send; anything that will show me what to do with clippings will be a boon. *"Constant Reader"* says that the biographical book *L. B. C., Montrose, N. Y.*, is looking for is clearly Hare's "Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance," a delightful book, out of print. *K. F., Chicago Heights, Ill.*, tells *L. B. C.*, who asks for material on the lives of the saints for younger readers, of "The Alphabet of the Saints," by Father Robert Hugh Benson, an English publication but procurable here for sixty-five cents. The rhymes are humorous as well as instructive and the accompanying illustrations extremely interesting. *Gardner M. Jones, Salem (Mass.) Public Library, tells Mary Austin* that in 1879 there was published a "Historical Sketch of the Salem Lyceum with a List of Officers and Lecturers, 1830-1878," a pamphlet of seventy-four pages. The historical address is by General Henry K. Oliver, one time Mayor of Salem. The list of lecturers includes the names of Emerson, Thoreau, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Higgenson, Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, and many others of the leaders of the day in literature and science. Sometime in the 'nineties the Lyceum ceased its existence and its funds were transferred to the Essex Institute which has a lecture course every winter. The 1919-1920 course consists of lectures bearing on the Massachusetts tercentenary. The Philippine and South American novels sent in will appear next week.

C. E. L., Erie, Pa., asks if there are sources of information on the pronunciation of modern proper names other than the chapter "How do you pronounce—" in my "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt). Indeed there is; "The Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names," by Mary S. Mackey and Maryette Mackey (Dodd) really means twelve thousand, that much having been added in the revised edition. What this country needs, however, is a key to the pronunciation of apparently simple English proper names—such as will fit the New York theatregoer to ask for tickets to "Berkeley Square" as "Barkley." As it is, he now has to pick things up on a trip abroad and be properly disliked for showing-off with them in the month of September.

I think, however, that a bookseller would sell you a copy of this remarkable play, "Berkeley Square," by John Balderston (Macmillan) even if you asked for it in purest American, and as it reads quite as well as it acts, it is a proceeding I advise.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and intriguing hobby in the world—stamp collecting."

That he has successfully carried out his objective cannot be doubted when one has read his book. The first chapter gives you a sense of satisfaction that here is a book from which you may learn something. The last chapter clinches that belief with its definitions and explanations of over twenty-five hundred technical terms of philately (the most complete glossary of this nature so far published).

The book is an encyclopedia of philate[illegible] which, if I may borrow the word used to describe the new Britannica, has been "humanized." It is intelligently and interestingly written, being one of those rare volumes which you read for the pleasure of reading and keep for the value of reference.

Miscellaneous

THE YOUNG ARCHITECTS. By KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN. Illustrated by RUDOLPH STANLEY-BROWN. Harpers. 1929. $3.

It has been said that "architecture is frozen music." Through a series of short story-sketches the author has shown that in the United States architecture plays a scintillating obligato to a medley of foreign influences which has been transposed to conform to our own particular needs. Fourteen periods of the transition have been treated ranging from the Dutch supremacy in 1660 on up to and including the modern American apartment wherein American architects using their own originality and skill, ingenuity and imagination, have been able to follow the spirit of the races and times in creating buildings which, while they still retain the semblance of the decorations, lines, or domes which the rest of the world had developed in its long history, are yet so different and truly American. Styles may come and go in architecture but the genius of the American architect will continue to create from stone and steel a beauty which will exemplify and express an American spirit which cannot be mistaken for any other.

The illustrations are made by an architect and they make the romance of American architecture not just masses of building material, but hopes, dreams, and visions all turned into life and beauty. Architecture is indeed "frozen music."

THIS IMPORTANT NOVEL FROM THE NEW GENERATION HAS STARTED A CONTROVERSY

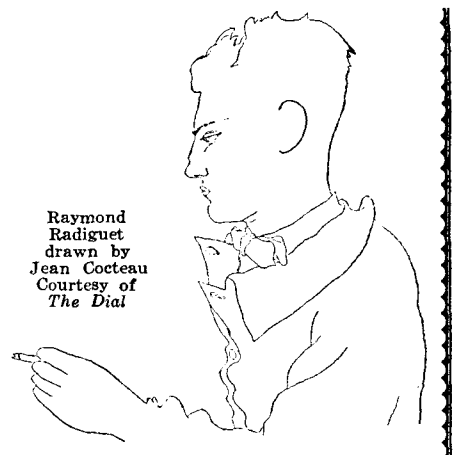
o

Speaking of the new younger generation (as *The Saturday Review of Literature* is just now doing—and high time, too, as the last younger generation has been going strong for over ten years) it is interesting to observe that the first important novel of this new generation, THE COUNT'S BALL by Raymond Radiguet, is starting a controversy.

After our early publicity, in all sincerity, had stressed the unusual moral tone of THE COUNT'S BALL. we were quite surprised to find F. F. V. writing in the *New York Evening Post* that "it is a dry colorless tale with a faintly perverse flavor and a sardonic emphasis on all the unessentials of life."

Robert E. Sherwood counters in *Scribner's Magazine*: "THE COUNT'S BALL, which emerged from the welter of dadism and aimless insurrection, is a model of unaffected simplicity and pure truthfulness."

The Book-of-the-Month Club



Raymond Radiguet drawn by Jean Cocteau Courtesy of *The Dial*

strongly recommends THE COUNT'S BALL, calling it "a beautiful example of simplicity and aristocratic ease."

"In an exceptionally fine novel," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "he reverts to such things as loyalty, truth, honor."

Altogether, this discussion confirms our judgment that THE COUNT'S BALL is an interesting novel — interesting not only because it was written by a man of twenty who could turn out sentences like these:

"A social climber feels the necklace against her skin."

"The Count launched into one of those monologues that he called conversation."

"Courage always amazed him, for he regarded it merely as imprudence."

THE COUNT'S BALL not only brings the new generation of writers into the limelight. It sets them a high standard.

THE COUNT'S BALL

$2.50

By RAYMOND RADIGUET

Translated by MALCOLM COWLEY

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Points of View

Mr. Angell Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I make it a rule never to challenge or discuss the expression of opinion by a reviewer of my books. But when two are dismissed with a gross misstatement of fact, you will agree, perhaps, that an author has some ground for correcting the misstatement.

In your issue of December 7th last, your reviewer says: "Mr. Angell, incidentally, seems to us to be more hard used by fate than almost anyone we know of. In 1914, when everyone was reading his 'The Great Illusion' and dwelling on his demonstration of the fact that nations could no longer fight, since economic considerations rendered battle impossible, the World War broke out to make wreck of his contentions. And now, about six weeks ago, he brought out a financial game entitled 'The Money Game,' and promptly the stock market sank like a plummet, so that the poor game was stillborn."

Both points involved here are matters of fact. I will challenge your reviewer to show me so much as a single line where I have stated or implied in "The Great Illusion" that "Nations could no longer fight, since economic considerations render battle impossible." I will show *him* a round score of paragraphs in which again and again I warn the reader that no such conclusion is to be drawn from the book. I devoted a whole chapter to the theme that because a policy might be supreme folly that was no reason at all for supposing that men would not follow it. I urged that it was not the facts, but men's opinions about the facts, which guided conduct; not until men saw the economic futility of victory would they cease to pursue it. They did not—perhaps do not—see it. That is why I wrote the book.

The war has not, if I may say so, made wreck of my contentions. It has confirmed them in every particular. When I wrote, for instance, of the difficulties of collecting an indemnity commensurate with the cost of modern war, every economist derided my contentions. Does your reviewer think that they or I were nearer to the truth as confirmed by the event?

He is repeating here a silly jibe of some hurried headline writer that never had the shadow of a foundation in truth. It has multiplied my difficulty in driving home simple and important truths about a thousand per cent. Does your reviewer think it a workmanlike or worthy thing, thus to repeat, to the detriment of a fellow-workman, inanities that were the outcome of ignorant prejudice?

As to the second point, the statement that my "Money Game" was "stillborn" because "the stock market sank like a plummet." What in Heaven's name is the relationship between the two things, even if the statement were true? If people are losing their money, presumably that is a reason for them desiring to know why they lost it. That by the way. The simple facts are, which again your reviewer might have seen by a glance at the book itself, that the first form of this device appeared in 1912; that while the recognition of the value of this new approach to the explanation of economics was slow, it has, in the revised form which I gave it some three years ago, been making rapid headway. A round dozen Americans at the head of the teaching profession, during the last two years (again as a reference to the book will show your critic) have spoken of it in the highest terms. Last year in London an edition of two thousand of the book and apparatus was sold in two weeks. An organization of which the Minister of Education is a member has been formed to investigate its possibilities, and I am now engaged in preparing what may be reckoned as the sixth edition of this device.

These are the facts with reference to "The Great Illusion" and "The Money Game." Will your reviewer deny that his paragraph is a gross travesty of them?

NORMAN ANGELL.

London.

Danger Ahead

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

So effective a thinker as Norman Foerster deserves less specious comment than one remark of H. H. Clark's review of "The American Scholar," in your issue of December 28. Mr. Foerster, we are told, advocates "abandoning the German doctorate and emulating the French," for "surely France is closer than any other nation to the ideal of a well-rounded scholarship." After this quotation, the reviewer continues: "Indeed, the best testimony of Professor Foerster's right to speak as the champion of such a scholarship is the deep respect shown in France"; whereas it must be clear that equally good testimony would be a deep respect shown in—Germany: praise from those he is praising may mean little more than a (wholly honest, of course, but) national bias: "How wise he is to know how wise we are!"

But the close of Mr. Clark's review, more than this break in his reasoning, is fraught with a danger against which, in the same issue of the *Saturday Review*, sound warning is raised in Gorham B. Munson's letter. Mr. Munson, recognizing that our decade of experimentation and expansion may lead to a decade of concentration, hopes that we have not ahead of us a period of drying traditionalism. Mr. Clark's final words are: "We must seek aid in more venerable traditions, carefully winnowed, which have won the unchanging respect of the ages for their ministry to the deepest and most universal need of man, for their ministry to happiness." The validity of the erection of happiness into the "deepest need" of man is not the present point; the humanism of Norman Foerster is a growing vine, reaching forth to far flowers, yet tendril-twisted to a trellis-work of reason and the past; the words of Mr. Clark, if they do not press along, surely point, the way to a doting on tradition that will give us a carefully painted trellis brown with shriveled leaves.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

New York.

The Goncourt Prize for Literature, which is considered to be the most important of the French prizes, has been awarded to Marcel Arland for his novel "L'Ordre." M. Arland, who is thirty years of age, published his first book, "Terres Etrangères," in 1923, and has since written several others. "L'Ordre," which was published this year in three volumes, is a study of post-war France.

Henry Barbusse, whose novels "Under Fire" and "Light" have recently appeared in a single volume, is editor of a Paris journal on whose board is Albert Einstein, the author of the Theory of Relativity.

MOTHERS CRY

By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

"I can honestly commend *Mothers Cry* to lovers of a good book. Its story is moving. What the people in it think and say is simple but true and close, not only the heart of the story, but its scenes. You will like it because in addition its humor is bright and warm and the well of the author's emotion is so clear that all but the bottom is apprehensible."—THEODORE DREISER

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Catalogues and Prices

AT the approach of Christmas and a new year, it is customary for dealers' catalogues to take on a slightly greater amount of interest—books that have apparently been in hiding throughout the summer come creeping forth, "in superb condition," to make their annual reappearances in lists of "One Hundred Best Books," or "Twenty Famous Novels," while the others, known intimately to everyone through constant association, disappear into a kind of short-lived obscurity. No one has ever discovered the sources from which the visitors come, or the places to which they are retired during the greater part of each year—it may be that they are bought as investments and resold later when there seems to be a demand sufficient to raise the prices, or it may be that collectors have grown tired of them, and have decided suddenly to concentrate upon Lowestoft tea sets. It is a pleasure, under any circumstances, to come upon something occasionally besides complete collections of Dickens, Kipling, and H. G. Wells, in addition to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and a feeling of thankfulness naturally follows upon any departure from the obvious.

The American catalogues, less interesting this year than the English, except from the point of view of the inevitable prices, may be taken first. Mr. Harry Stone's catalogue, number 34, contains several nice, respectable books at prices reminiscent of the days of highwaymen—William Dean Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham," for example, is represented by two copies, both the first issue of the first edition, one in soiled covers the other perfect; the first costs $25.00, the second $75. Mr. Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" may be had for either $110 or $75, while James Fenimore Cooper is equally high: it is all extremely interesting. The Pegasus Book Shop in its catalogue number nine is more reasonable, and except for its tendency to recommend books as among those called "High Spots" by Mr. Merle Johnson, far more reliable. The Columbia Bibliographic Bureau 2929 Broadway, New York City) in what appears to be its first list, confines itself almost entirely for the present to French books and manuscripts—the complete and final proofs of Anatole France's "Poèmes Dorés" with many notes and corrections in the author's handwriting; nine manuscript pages from chapters seven and eight of Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean"; Marcel Proust's "Le Temps Retrouvé," Paris, 1927; and the first printed account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, the "Discours de la mort de très-haute et très-illustre Madame Marie Stouard" (Paris, 1587). It is disquieting, however, to find directly under the heading INCUNABULA the Baskerville editions of Virgil, Terence, Sallust, and Catullus, but as an English dealer has recently put into one of his catalogues a limited edition of "As You Like It" signed by the author, anything may be expected. The entire C. B. B. catalogue is printed without mention of prices: presumably these may be had by writing for them.

There is more than one objection to any mention of book-prices: in the first place, the emphasis is entirely wrong as the price is almost never an indication of the book's literary worth; in the second, collecting is reduced in the way to a series of shopping excursions in search of bargains; and in the third, it is all peculiarly boring. And yet, the instinct that prompts most persons, when confronted by any collection of books, to be shown the most valuable and to be told how much it cost, and what it actually is worth, exists unconsciously everywhere: ideally it ought to be absent, but no one at present would ever hesitate to make the most minute inquiries into the prices paid for any book. Recently there appeared in some of the advertising sections an entirely frank expression of the current attitude towards the question of prices: "Stocks are falling—Books are rising," it chanted, then without further comment, added the name and address of a firm of booksellers. Everything, in other words, has to be reduced to terms of money in order to be sure of making an appeal—if stocks for any reason fail, it is possible, in fact much easier, to obtain better results from the purchase of books. It is essential, therefore, to think of authors and their work as so many means of achieving financial success at some future time; to think of them consistently in relation to the prices they bring. The optimism induced by the Kern sale last winter is hard to kill, in spite of such later experiences as the Williams sale this autumn; it is true that the latter may simply prove to have been a unique occurrence, a special bargain-day for libraries and dealers, but at least it showed that at times dealers who ordinarily have appeared to believe in the necessity of sensational bidding, can under extraordinary circumstances be governed by an unbelievable conservatism when they are unable to guess at the future. Prices, obviously, have not yet gone down; whether by Spring they will be lower, no one knows, but the reasons for hope have slightly more reason for existing than usual.

The English dealers show no signs of decreasing the amounts asked for their books: their prices have always been reasonably high in certain instances, and nothing has changed them. The Elkin Mathews catalogue number 27, "Fifty Famous First Editions," commences with Jane Austen's "Emma," at £120, and ends with "Lyrical Ballads," London, 1798, at £320: it includes the Cambridge, 1848, edition of the "Biglow Papers," and is invariably self-assured and interesting. Maggs has issued in rapid succession "Important Books on History, Literature, and Art" (catalogue number 529), "Autograph Letters and Historical Documents" (530), and "English Literature of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries" (531), listing a total of 3315 items—how anyone connected with this firm can possibly be spared from the labor of cataloguing and proof-reading in order to sell books continues to be beyond comprehension. The two Francis Edwards catalogues, number 521 devoted entirely to Bibliography, and number 522 to English Literature, the nineteenth century to the present day, are good in the conscientious English fashion: like the catalogues from Dobell, Heffer, and some of the other dealers such as McLeish, J. D. Miller, D. Webster, and the Surrey Bookshop, they can all be read with pleasure and an unusual amount of profit.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. January 18th: Books and Pamphlets relating to America, with several autographs, and some first editions of American Authors. Among the more unusual items are: James Bacon's "The American Indian, or Virtues of Nature, a play" London, 1795; eight books by Edmund Bohun, Chief Justice of South Carolina, including the "Address to the Free-Men and Free-Holders of the Nation," London, 1682-83, "The History of the Desertion, or, An Account of all the Publick Affairs in England," London, 1689, and "The Diary and Autobiography," privately printed after his death; James S. Brown's "California Gold: an authentic history of the first find," Oakland, 1894; George Carleton's "A Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy," London, 1627; Isaac Chauncy's "The Doctrine which is according to Godliness grounded upon the Holy Scriptures of Truth," London, 1694; S. L. Clemens's "Roughing It;" J. F. Cooper's "The Heidenmauer," Philadelphia, 1832; R. W. Emerson's "English Traits," Boston, 1856, and "The Conduct of Life," Boston, 1860; Alexander Hamilton's Report as Secretary of the Treasury "relative to a Provision for the support of the Public Credit," New York, 1790; "The Life and curious adventures of Peter Williamson," Edinburgh, 1805; several volumes of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier; Captain John Meares's

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"Voyages de la Chine à la Côte Nord-Ouest d'Amérique, faits dans les années 1788 et 1789," Paris, 1794; "San Francisco City Directory," by Charles P. Kimball, San Francisco, September 1st, 1850; a large collection of 39 items dealing with the South Sea Company, London, 1711-1739; and a series of autograph letters from Revolutionary generals.

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. January 29-30: Part 2 of the Broomhill Library, formerly the property of Sir David Lionel Goldsmid-Stern-Salomons, Bart. The volumes included are for the most part color plate books, with the Thackeray collection added. G. M. T.

THERE is about Mr. Lathrop C. Harper's latest catalogue, "A Selection of Incunabula," part IV, partly because of its clarity, and partly because of its intelligent scholarship, the value of a genuine achievement. It is all very well to tell a public interested in collecting that incunabula deserve attention, that they are "living evidences of achievement," but it is infinitely more difficult to convince the doubting that such volumes are something more than inhuman, often unreadable, treatises composed by gentlemen who seem farther removed from the present than the Athenian contemporaries of Pericles and Sophocles. The printers can be emphasized to the exclusion of everything else, of course—it is still possible, with a somewhat grudging enthusiasm, to admit that a few estimable persons did acceptable printing in the late 15th and early 16th centuries, long before William Morris had begun to disguise his own literary inadequacy under a mask of blinding letters—but their names unfortunately convey little impression of actuality. It is, therefore, an immense advantage to Mr. Harper who has had, in the first place, the knowledge and ability to assemble such a collection, to have as the writer of his catalogue notes a person with the intelligence and judgment of Miss Lone. To a work that cannot in any sense be thought of as easy, she has given simplicity and variety of an extraordinary kind, the kind that appears effortless until it is attempted by some less gifted, less experienced individual. The important points, aside from the collations and specific references, are invariably brought to the reader's attention—if the author is particularly obscure, if there are marginal notes that may be considered to add to the general interest, or if the press is unusual, Miss Lone realizes the fact, and makes it apparent—her sense of selection never deserts her. Here, for example, is her note for Phalaris "Epistolæ (Italice)," Venice, about 1476: "An early edition of the Italian translation by Bartolommeo Fontio, who addresses the prefatory letter to Francesco Baroncini. The different headings of the chapters are in Gothic capitals only; this is very uncommon. The type is apparently identical with Gabriele di Pietro's G 30 (Proctor 2). Bartholomæus Fontius, of Florence, born in 1445, was an historian, an orator, and a grammarian. He also had charge of collecting books for the library of the King of Hungary at Buda."

It would be, for anyone not especially informed on the subject, a matter almost of impertinence to attempt the selection of the most notable books in this catalogue—Miss Lucy E. Osborne, of the Chapin Library at Williamstown, in her introduction, mentions several that impress her; and undoubtedly both Mr. Harper and Miss Lone have, in a sense, expressed their opinions by the stress they have put upon such items as the Bartholomew de Glanville "De proprietatibus rerum," the Strabo "Geographia," Venice, 1472, and the first Latin edition of Marco Polo's travels (Gouda, about 1483). The entire work is excellent, and as Miss Osborne says, "holds its own with the parts already published." For if anyone can create an appreciation of incunabula among modern collectors, it is without question Mr. Harper, assisted as he has been so successfully by Miss Lone. G. M. T.

The London *Times Literary Supplement* has the following to say apropos of a recent sale at Hodgsons:

"One of Messrs. Hodgson's recent sales included a nearly complete set of what is generally known as 'The Penny Pickwick'—The Post-Humorous Notes of the Pickwickian Club, Edited by Bos (undated), one of the two hundred or more 'penny dreadfuls' out of which Edward Lloyd, later the founder of the *Daily Chronicle*, is supposed to have made a considerable fortune. By a curious irony, the 'Penny Pickwick,' even reasonably complete, is now far rarer than its famous prototype; and one could more easily gather in, by a visit to different London booksellers, a score of first editions of the real 'Pickwick' than one of the imitation. It is hardly necessary to add that the Dickens collector does not regard the 'Penny Pickwick' as a Dickens item at all.

"Dickens created a new note in English literature with his 'Pickwick,' and like all innovators he was the parent of many imitators. It will be remembered that 'Pickwick' appeared in nineteen/twenty monthly parts at one shilling each during 1836-37, and with the appearance of Sam Weller the success of the publication was assured. We are perhaps a little too apt to-day to forget that in 1836 a shilling was of much greater value than it is to-day, that six shillings was about the average weekly wage of a farm laborer, and that that of a skilled mechanic was probably not much more than twenty shillings."

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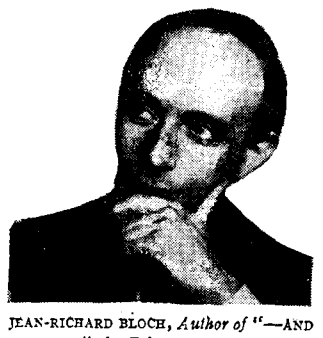

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Their words, rather than those of *The Inner Sanctum*, will best express the significance and power of a novel which will not be published until January 23rd, a novel which has been selected as the February choice of the Book League of America, a novel so worthy of discerning acclaim that the most distinguished men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic are proud ro pay it homage.

The title ofthe book is "—*And Company*," the name of the author is JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, and the guest conductors of this column who will enunciate its importance as a major contribution to modern literature are

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PAUL CLAUDEL
ISRAEL ZANGWILL

The translation of "—*And Company*" is by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, noted for his rendition of PROUST.

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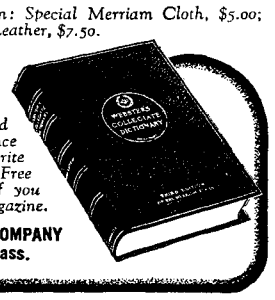

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have been laid up, though with nothing worse than a cold. We can never contract, it seems, anything really interesting. Anyway, we have been idling, and we write this remote from any of our usual data. . . .

To be laid up in bed with a cold sometimes gives one the opportunity to enjoy a bit of reading. And what an unexpected pleasure *that* is, to be sure! Something different,—a change, in a way. . . .

No, to be serious, it *is* something different, because one is not reading against time. One can "settle down with a book," something we haven't *really* done for several years. . . .

Such being the case, we have two findings to report, viz.: that we have enjoyed both Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero" and Patrick Hamilton's "The Midnight Bell." . . .

Though perhaps one shouldn't use the word "enjoy" entirely to describe one's mood during the perusal of "Death of a Hero!" For, stars and garters, what a griping book it is, what bitter beer. "And that is why we like it." . . .

We have read little "war stuff" that matches for convincing reality and conveyed fatigue and unbearableness that in the third part of the book "Adagio." In fact, it made us feel that we had no right at all to be sitting safely in bed reading a book. That sounds jocular, but actually Aldington conveys so searingly the way men drove themselves on, day after day, plastered with mud, riddled with chills and fever, constantly stunned by bombardments, staggering for sleep, that, however much he may exclaim at the end of his "Allegretto": "The death of a hero! What mockery, what bloody cant! What sickening putrid cant," one is shocked into feeling that every one of those who carried on must have been in some sense a hero. That is, if hero means the heroic effort. "George's death," says Aldington, "is a symbol to me of the whole sickening bloody waste of it, the damnable stupid waste and torture of it." True enough! And we need all the testimony against modern warfare that we can accumulate. For it is a mammoth catastrophe of the spirit, and not only for a generation. Nevertheless, one cannot help being rather awestruck by man's ability to "stick it" at all, under such circumstances. . . .

One of the most poignant passages in the book (to us) occurs on page 207; because it is a sudden outburst. (There are other outbursts in the book, but they are less impressive.) It displays an emotionalism that Aldington usually holds in check, and it is not "turned on." It is the kind of thing that occasionally bursts out of one when crazed with pondering too long and too intently one particular aspect of ironical life. It is bitter as gall. And the terrible thing about it is that it is fully justified.

"You have a vendetta of the dead against the living." Yes, it is true, I have a vendetta. Not a personal vendetta. What am I? O God, nothing, less than nothing, a husk, a leaving, a half-chewed morsel on the plate, a reject. But an impersonal vendetta, an unappeased conscience crying in the wilderness, a river of tears in the desert. What right have I to live? Is it five million, is it ten million, is it twenty million? What does the exact count matter? There they are, and we are responsible. Tortures of hell, we are responsible! When I meet an unmaimed man of my generation, I want to shout at him: "How did you escape? How did you dodge it? What dirty trick did you play? Why are you not dead, trickster?" It is dreadful to have outlived your life, to have shirked your fate, to have overspent your welcome. There is nobody upon earth who cares whether I live or die, and I am glad of it. To be alone, icily alone. You, the war dead, I think you died in vain; I think you died for nothing, for a blast of wind, a blather, a humbug, a newspaper stunt, a politician's ramp. But at least you died. You did not reject the sharp sweet shock of bullets, the sudden smash of the shell-burst, the insinuating agony of poison gas. You got rid of it all. You chose the better part. "They went down like a lot o' Charlie Chaplins," said the little ginger-hair sergeant of the Durhams. Like a lot of Charlie Chaplins. Marvellous metaphor! Can't you see them staggering on splayed-out feet and waving ineffective hands as they went down before the accurate machine-gun fire of the Durhams sergeant? A splendid little hero—he got the Military Medal for it. Like a lot of Charlie Chaplins. Marvellous. But why weren't we one of them? What right have we to live? And the women? Oh, don't let's talk about the women. They were splendid, wonderful. Such devotion, such devotion. How they comforted the troops. Oh, wonderful! Steel-true and blade-straight. Yes, indeed, wonderful, wonderful! Whatever should we have done without them? White feathers, and all that, you know. Oh, the women were marvellous. You can always rely upon the women to come up to scratch, you know. Yes, indeed. What would the country be without them? So splendid, such an example.

On Sundays the Union Jack flies over the cemetery at Etaples. It's not so big as it was in the old wooden cross days, but it will serve. Acres and acres. Yes, acres and acres. And it's too late to get one's little lot in the acres. Too late, too late. . . .

As we say, this is an ejaculation aside from the manner in which most of the book is written. Though the manner is a variegated one. Naturally there are a number of passages in the book of great descriptive beauty, for Aldington is fundamentally a poet. He is also an accomplished ironist. . . .

We have not read "All Quiet," we have not read "Sergeant Grischa." Well, someone has not to have read them! "Death of a Hero" is our choice for War Book, partly, we suppose, because Aldington, with Sassoon, Graves, and Nichols, is one of the English poets who were the "younger" in the days when the war came and when so many of us in America were also trying to write poetry,—when there was so much interest in it,—when Amy Lowell was alive and Aldington also was of the Imagists. Not that the others were, not that we were. There were the Georgian poets in England. You could not think of Aldington exactly as a Georgian. There were a number of us over here trying to do various things, but not within the fold of the Imagists. But it's, perhaps, that Aldington seems to belong to our time, though we have, of course, never even seen the man. And then . . . what did we ever do in the Great War! . . .

We should advise reading "Death of a Hero," and along with it reading Graves's new autobiographical "Good-Bye to All That." The latter also brings in Sassoon. Back of these, and published years ago, during the war or directly after it, with an introduction by Masefield, was a documentary account by a British Army officer entitled "Attack." It was brought out by Macmillan. It is engraved upon our memory as a real account of what the fighting was like. And—we think it is in Masefield's "The Old Front Line,"—is a description of the hell on the nerves of constant barrages that we have never seen equalled. Then, also, there's Masefield's "Gallipoli." . . .

We don't mean that, if one assembled them, even now, one would not find a whole library of truthful, terrible books about the late war. They are accumulating fast. They are now coming from all countries. They tell us in plain terms exactly what it was actually like. Yet how easily, in spite of all this, and in our everyday concerns, worries, problems, greeds, and desires we forget. Naturally, to non-combatants like ourself the real front, the real experience must remain something we read of, however deep the impression certain accounts make upon us. Well then, we should read more about it, we should constantly keep ourselves from forgetting. For this was holocaust and the day of judgment. And such millions of the brave and young are gone. And we still, somehow, live. . . .

Patrick Hamilton wrote the play, "Rope's End," the horror play we recently saw Ernest Milton perform so superbly in at the Theatre Masque. "The Midnight Bell" is not a horror story nor the story of a crime, —though perhaps of a psychological crime. It is the story of a young waiter, Bob, at a pub, "The Midnight Bell," and of how he fell in love with a young and pretty prostitute and tortured himself about it for a certain time. He is an absolutely convincing young man. "Jenny" is convincing, too. And the frequenters of the Saloon Bar of the pub are delineated with deep humorous observation. The book is good writing; it rivets the attention. We have an idea that Hamilton will go a long way. He gets inside of life, gives us real people, conveys his present impression that life is exciting, publishes its glamour as well as its hard and bitter facts, though he does not soften it nor falsify. . . .

And now we must go and gargle. Á Dios!

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